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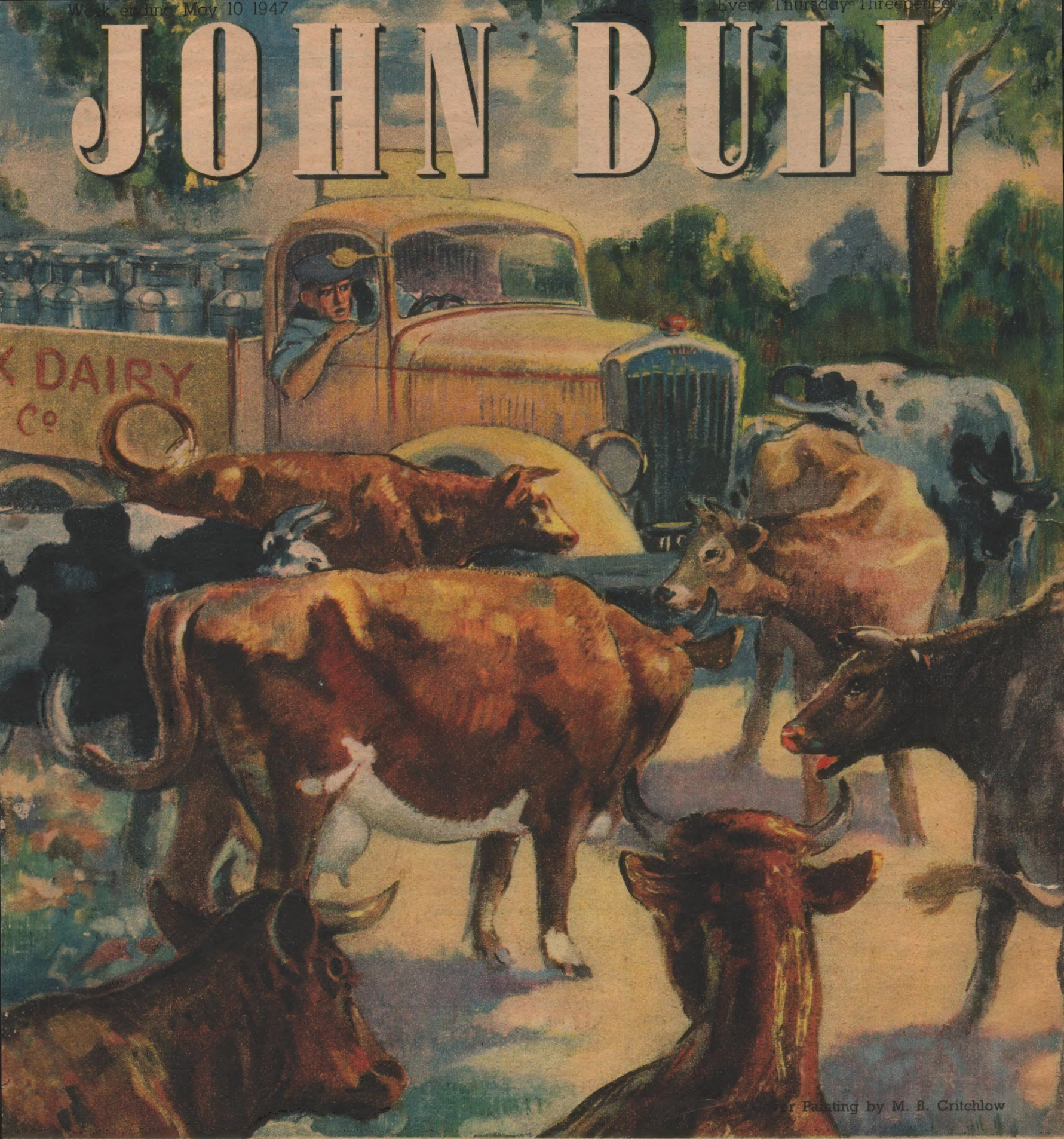

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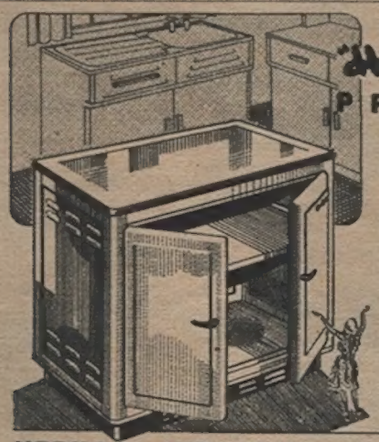

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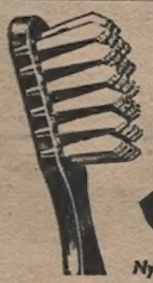

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They do say...

that *all* good children will soon be able to have some Batger's Silmos Lollies again—the good sweets that were zoned to the South

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JOHN BULL
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MAY 10, 1947 VOL. 81 NO. 2132

Coal: Still Not Enough

THIS WEEK THE HOMES OF BRITAIN have felt the last fires of summer. No more lighting the gas or switching on the heater, however dark and chilly our climate, until September.

This week is also the miners' first official five-day one in their industry's history.

Last week Mr. Shinwell, the Minister of Fuel, was attacked because critics said his fuel-saving plans were not drastic enough.

And in three weeks' time Sir Stafford Cripps, President of the Board of Trade, will allow industries more coal to burn, so that our exports can be increased and the shops again begin to fill.

Add up the facts and the sum still comes out the same—we aren't getting enough coal. Is the five-day week going to give us more? Hardly. By improving morale and reducing absenteeism it may maintain output, but it is unlikely to give us any increase as long as the labour force in the mines remains at the present level.

In the sense that the five-day week makes mining more attractive as a career, it may, in the long-run, help to increase output by drawing recruits. But that is all.

We are still in the short run, and Shinwell has to keep us warm and busy on a present fuel supply which the Government says should be 200 million tons, the T.U.C. says should be 220 million tons, and the nation needs to be 240 million tons.

The margin between scarcity and abundance, between shivering fireless and selling spare coal abroad, is not great. Let Shinwell give himself and his helpers a time limit to span the margin.

Let him resolve that this shall be the last summer of fuel restrictions in Britain, and next winter the last winter. Let him stop thinking and talking always in terms of cuts. Let him announce next week's restrictions, of course, but let him also say a cheering word about next year's improvements!

For improvements there must be. By next year we must have more miners, more mechanization, bigger sustained output. And we shall certainly have less patience with excuses.

Counting the Cost

BEFORE THE END OF MAY it will be possible to measure the size of another wound inflicted by the hard winter on our prosperity—the deaths of sheep and cattle on the hill farms of Wales, northern England and Scotland.

Some farmers lost all their animals; few lost less than a quarter of the numbers. The delay in counting the totals is caused by the lateness of the lambing season. We cannot yet tell how many ewes failed to give birth, how many lambs were born too weak to live, and how many starved because their mothers could not feed them.

Truly the hill farmers can blame nature for most of a disaster which townspeople can scarcely realize. There is urgent need for compensation for capital losses, and a good case for the increased and advanced sheep subsidies which the Government has promised.

But there must also be one word of warning. Hill farming methods can be improved. Visitors to the British mountains are impressed, even during this disastrous spring, by the casual attitude to the fate of animals shown by many owners. There is little of the sheltering care given to lambs and mothers in the milder south.

Hill farmers must not overclaim for compensation, nor forget that even in a normal winter their stock losses are ten per cent.

Then they may expect to share the nation's help and sympathy fairly with their brethren of the flooded Fenlands.

Office "Slums"

AT LAST A POWERFUL WORD has been spoken for the biggest class of people—next to housewives—who lack a leader and a voice.

This class is the office workers of Britain, known in Civil Service jargon as "non-manual workers," whose welfare is being investigated by a Home Office committee.

Joe Hallsworth (Sir Joseph of the T.U.C.) tells the committee that office people have as good reason for striking in their often insanitary conditions of work as in bad wages.

Much better reason, Joe. Office workers of the lower grades are today not badly paid in comparison with manual workers. Some modern office buildings are spacious and healthy. But too many "white collar" workers spend their lives in conditions of squalor, darkness and confinement which would not be tolerated for ten minutes by factory inspectors, or by the powerful trade unions which watch the interests of manual workers.

Better factory conditions have been won mainly by trade union pressure. The unions are not strong enough among office workers to exercise this pressure. Organization is as difficult here as among domestic servants.

So it looks like a case in which the Government will have to safeguard its citizens. When the housing shortage is over and general building becomes easy again, there should be high priority for better premises for office workers, and a great sweeping away of the old "office slums."

Stop the Holiday Sharks

WITH THE EASTER TRY-OUT RESULTS to hand and the "early" season opening, it is time again to look into some of this year's holiday problems.

Profiteering is still as rampant as ever in many resorts.

According to the experts, increases of a half to two-thirds on prewar charges should fully cover the present extra cost of running hotels and boarding houses. Reputable hoteliers and landladies—and there are many—are limiting their charges to such increases.

But not the racketeers, the speculators who hope to make enough this summer to get out for good. Their charges, as last summer, are double, treble, even quadruple prewar.

Most holidaymakers are, unfortunately, at the mercy of these sharks.

Hotel and boarding house associations and the town councils of the resorts want just as much as the public to run these profiteers out of business. But, as the law stands today, it is a slow, tedious, uncertain affair.

Only by giving the local authorities—or better still the rent tribunals—complete and summary powers of inquiry and adjustment can the sharks be kept in hand. Prompt action by the Government is needed if the millions of Britons who are looking forward to hard-earned holidays this year are to get a square deal for their money.

"Begging your pardon your Lordship . . . but you get a better coat with a Harris Brush."

Harris . . .
the paint brush with a name to its handle

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No need to wait . . . the best is here!

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Ask your Electrical Dealer, Electricity Supply Company or Store to demonstrate the cleaners that are sweeping the country!

Also VACTRIC CYLINDER MODEL W. 100, featuring a motor of quiet and ample power; air-sealed connections and specially designed dusting tools. Complete with all accessories £13. 13. 0d.: Tax £3. 8. 3. extra.

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Lovely Satin wall finish. Not a Distemper.

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High- or Semi-Gloss Stain, dries quickly.

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Adds years of life to old lino.

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The really reliable Gloss Paint.

Supplies are still very limited, but it is hoped there will be more soon. Send P.C. for leaflet.
Colthurst & Harding, Ltd., "J.B.," Bristol.

"Mars ARE MARVELLOUS"

You'll certainly agree! Just taste these chunks of sheer delicious goodness made with *chocolate* to sustain, *glucose* to energise, *milk* to nourish you.

MILK, OR VANILLA, OR WITH NUTS

TESTED JB

MARS LTD., SLOUGH, BUCKS.

But he couldn't get on with it at all, at first. Then the clinic told mother that he was finding cows' milk difficult to digest—it was forming into a clot which his delicate little tummy couldn't cope with. So mother took to adding Robinson's 'Patent' Barley to the milk and that put matters right. It modifies the cows' milk sufficiently to allow him to digest it. And just look at him now!

Robinson's 'patent' **Barley**

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Scott's PORAGE Oats

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"V.P. VERY GOOD, SIR!"

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V.P. RICH RUBY
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PRIORY TEA & COFFEE CO. LTD., LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM

New massage technique brings wonderful skin loveliness

LOVELY GINGER ROGERS, starring in Universal-International film "Magnificent Doll," says: "Lux Toilet Soap facials leave my skin softer and smoother."

THIS is the new, *quick* Lux Toilet Soap way to skin loveliness that the glamorous stars of Hollywood and England follow. It's so simple, and it *really works*! First smooth the beautifying Lux Toilet Soap lather over your face and neck. Massage gently, working the creamy lather in thoroughly. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold, then pat gently with towel to dry. After the very first treatment your skin feels softer and smoother, takes on a new radiant loveliness. Get a tablet of Lux Toilet Soap as soon as you can, and start the new massage technique that lovely film stars recommend. After a fortnight, just see how smooth and bright your skin is — how free from blemishes!

9 out of 10 film stars use it!

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full Strength— fine Flavour

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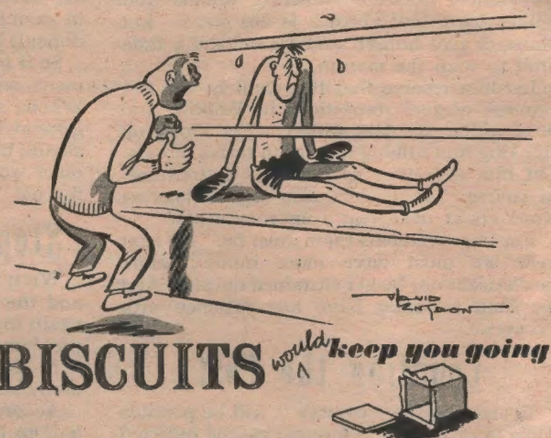

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Issued by the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance Ltd.

CVS-171

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You need Vitamin B_1 Yeast *for Vigorous Health*

Without an abundant supply of Vitamin B_1 really vigorous buoyant health is impossible. If you want to be fit and healthy, see that you get sufficient Vitamin B_1.

D.C.L. Vitamin B_1 Yeast Tablets are particularly rich in Vitamin B_1. They consist wholly of yeast, each ounce of which has developed during cell growth a natural Vitamin B potency equivalent to that of 25 m/gs. of aneurin hydrochloride, 1.4 m/gs. of riboflavin and 8 m/gs. of nicotinic acid. Each tablet has a Vitamin B_1 potency of 100 International Units (approx.) and is rich in proteins and other nutrients.

One tablet should be taken 3 times a day or as prescribed by the physician.

DCL *Vitamin B_1* **YEAST TABLETS**

THE DAILY TONIC EVERYBODY NEEDS

From all chemists 2/3d. (50 tablets) 3/9d. (100 tablets)
Sole Manufacturers: The Distillers Co. Ltd., Edinburgh.

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JOHN BULL PRESENTS A SPECIAL KIND OF V.E. ANNIVERSARY ARTICLE

BECAUSE the war in Europe has, this week, been over for two years . . . and because those two years have meant so much readjustment for everybody on these islands . . . and because already there is a tendency to forget the debts that were so freely admitted in our days of peril . . . JOHN BULL prints this article.

It tells the story of WHAT HAPPENED AFTER to three wartime heroes. It's an average story. Each in his own sphere has done averagely well. The experience of each mirrors in some respect the problems of postwar life in Britain.

While the war still raged many good resolutions were made. We were never to forget our Finest Hour in 1940. We were never to forget Stalingrad. We were never to forget the heroism of the men and women in and out of the Services who carried on. This article is dedicated to that spirit.

The man who blew the hunting horn at El Alamein—Edward Worrall, D.S.O., M.C. Now he's a farmer. "I don't mind admitting I made a loss the first year," he says, but he adds: "I don't think I could have settled down in any other job"

What They're Doing Now

by HARRY HOPKINS

SUDDENLY, FOR AN HOUR, for a day, the spotlight of war blazed full upon them. Their deeds were in the headlines; their names on every tongue; their towns, their streets, their families felt a deep pride. Everybody said they were heroes.

Now they are swallowed up again in the oblivion of ordinary life.

And how does it look, this ordinary life, to a war hero—two years after the war's over? Does he look back with regret? Can he look forward with hope? Or does the present hold satisfaction enough?

I picked three names from the war files: a soldier, an airman, a sailor—an M.C. won at El Alamein and a D.S.O. at Mareth; a V.C. gained in a blazing Lancaster 22,000 feet over Bavaria; a "human torpedo" who sent a Jap merchantman skyhigh. And I found a farmer in Somerset, a commercial traveller in Twickenham and a policeman in Fulham.

The first name on my list had November 2, 1942, written after it.

El Alamein—the turning point. Half dazed by the tremendous barrage, the men of the Durham Light Infantry stagger on to their final objective. Then, powerful fire from German tanks and M.G.s stops them. "As they halted and ducked," reported a war correspondent, "they heard the challenging sound of a hunting horn trilling "A-hunting We Will Go!" amid the whine of the bullets and the crump of the shells. It was their leader, Major E. W. Worrall, rallying them."

Kelly's Directory said: ". . . Worrall, M.F.H., Smokeham Farm, Bagborough, Taunton, Somerset." M.F.H. — Master of Foxhounds. So far at least we seemed to be on the right scent.

Bishop's Lydeard 220. . . . A brisk, cheery voice answered the phone. "Alamein? Yes, that would be me all right. Certainly—you get off the bus at the Stag's Head. Ring us from there—the landlord won't mind. I'll run down in the car and fetch you."

As the car stopped in front of a neat little farmhouse on the slopes of the Quantock hills, and the dogs tumbled out in front of us, I got my first sharp revelation of one man's road back. Worrall walked with the aid of a four-foot staff with a V thumb grip at the top. He needed that stick. I hadn't known that after El Alamein he'd collected chest and arm wounds with his D.S.O. at Mareth—and, in Sicily, a sniper's bullet had torn into his hip. The sciatic nerve had been cut. His right leg was stiff, his foot paralysed. He wore a special boot.

"It Got Stuck in the Sand"

We went into the farmhouse. I looked for the hunting horn that rallied the D.L.I. at El Alamein, the horn Worrall's father had given him when he went off to the war. "It got stuck in the sand at Mareth," Worrall explained. "I couldn't get it free with my one good arm. Very aggravating."

In the spots on the walls where there weren't foxes' heads or paws or hunting whips there were photographs of people on horses. Young Worrall as a boy on a pony. As a youth, clearing a fence in a county steeplechase, with his brother David on another horse, and "Edward, Prince of Wales, on Miss Muffett."

They kept him in hospital a year less five days. Fourteen operations. They sent him home with "amputation recommended" on his record card.

There was no amputation. But for months the matter was in doubt. For months this man who "adored physical fitness and the joy it brings" lay rigid in a frame while the doctors shook their heads over his septic hip.

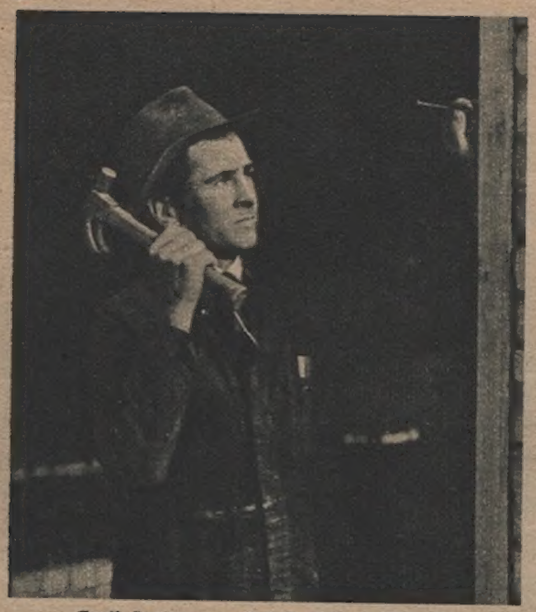
There are three very important days in Major Worrall's personal calendar for this period. The first was in December, 1944, when they let him out of hospital. He went home to the farm on the Quantock slopes where he'd lived since boyhood.

"Of course, you must take an office job," the surgeons had said. To Edward Worrall that was almost as bad as losing a leg. He refused to accept that office notion—"the less figures and brainwork I get the better I like it."

The second great day came a good deal later—the first day he went out in a pony and trap, shooting over his father's fields again, his brother handing him his gun when something rose under a hedge. The third day was when he moved from the trap to sit, a bit rockily, he admits, on the pony's back.

"And now," he wrote in the diary that helped to keep him sane, "now it is up to me to pull my weight and become an active member of society again." His father retired and he took over the management of the farm in the Quantocks. One hundred gently sloping acres, a little barley, a little wheat for the Ministry, and a herd of tuberculin-tested Shorthorns.

"I'm learning by experience and hoping I shan't



Cyril Jackson, ex-R.A.F. V.C., builds his garage. "England's all right," he says

Sidney Woolcott, D.S.M., was a "human torpedo." Now he mans a police launch

make too many mistakes in the meanwhile," the Man Who Blew the Hunting Horn at El Alamein confided. "I don't mind admitting I made a loss the first year—but we should put that right this time.

"And, as far as I'm concerned, milk's the best line." He picked the Milk Marketing Board's monthly credit slip off his desk and showed it to me. "A regular cheque paid into the bank every month —4d. a gallon extra for T.T. cows—and you never have the chance to lose the money on racing or anything. And, of course, on a farm you live well. You get something out of it personally."

Today Worrall's biggest worry is that because of his disablement he has to employ a bigger labour ration than should suffice for a hundred acres. It means a wages bill of around £600 a year.

"I don't think I could have settled down if it had been any other job," says Worrall. "But, you see, I love farming. I'm glad to be a rustic. This is a fine little farm and I never want to leave it. Even if I married I wouldn't want to leave it. I'm quite content to spend the rest of my days here."

"Emigrate? No Thanks"

He laughs at the idea of emigration. "The very last thing I'd think of.

"I love England and I love my home. I think, with all its present difficulties, it's the best place in the world."

I paused a moment on the porch. The green Blagdon Hills over to the left. The Brendon Hills rolling away to the front. And, beyond, on a clear day, they said, you could see Exmoor. A long way from the roar and fury of El Alamein to the peace of Smokeham Farm, the local point-to-point, the green Quantock Hills, the English rain.

Turn the pages of the war files again. Date: October 25, 1944. AIRMAN CLIMBS OUT ON BOMBER WING TO BATTLE FIRE . . . FIRST FLIGHT ENGINEER TO WIN V.C.

"To venture outside when travelling at 200 m.p.h. at a great height and in intense cold was an almost incredible feat," said the citation.

I found Cyril Jackson, V.C., in his shirtsleeves, shovelling at a pile of sand dumped at the gate of No. 9 Springfield Road, Twickenham.

Wearing overalls, Jackson was building himself a garage at the side of his house. We went inside and he told me how it had gone with him since he left his German prison camp.

When the war smashed into his life he'd been twenty years old — an engineering apprentice, serving his time. "But now, as far as engineering goes, I've had it." He pushed back his sleeve. The arm was swathed in bandages. Nearly three years after he'd come swaying down through the German flak under a blazing parachute the bits of shrapnel were still working their way out of the flesh of his arm.

So today it's not Cyril Jackson, engineer, as it might have been. It's Cyril Jackson, V.C., commercial traveller. "You know, I felt that I couldn't sit at a desk all day long. I felt I'd like a sort of roving commission."

So when a South African brandy firm ("they're very good to ex-Servicemen") offered him a job covering London and Kent, he jumped at it.

"You know, settling down's not easy. We lived a pretty fast life those days in Bomber Command. But getting around the way I do does make it easier."

A little boy's red cap hung on the back of the door. The little boy whose birth was announced to his father by a telegram just before he took off on the bomber raid that got him the V.C. Now there's another baby—a girl—and the Jacksons are planning and saving for a bigger house.

Homeless when peace came, they got their present house pretty quickly because, as an ex-Serviceman with two children and six years in, Jackson rated high in the local council's priority plan. All the same, I gathered, it hadn't been smooth going.

"If you've got everything it's all right. But if you're a young chap trying to get a home together you find it pretty hard. This Utility stuff's no good. The only decent piece of furniture in the place is the desk—and I paid £20 for that. And this morning I went out and bought a sports coat, at a really horrible price. All the average man can spend his money on today is beer and cigarettes. They should give a chap something to work for."

Was it true, then, that England had "had it"?

"The country's all right. But I don't think people are pulling their weight. I'm not a Socialist or anything—I was too young to be interested in politics—but they put a Socialist Government in and they should stand by it. There are too many people who just sit back and think everything's bound to come all right—but they don't do anything about it. Of course, I know we're all tired, very tired."

But, through the bleakness of peace, Cyril Jackson, like many another ex-Serviceman, is still able to draw some strength and reassurance from the old comradeships of war. He still meets the navigator of his Lancaster.

"He's a grand chap, Higgins. . . . We shall meet in a week or so's time at the 'Windsor Castle,' Hounslow. That's our local—halfway between his place at Southall and mine—and we'll knock back a few light ales."

"Would you say you're satisfied with your life?"

"As near satisfied as anyone ever is, I suppose."

I left ex-Flight Engineer Jackson, V.C., at the gate of No. 9 Springfield Road, still shovelling at his sand-pile. In the R.A.F. they'd have called it a fatigue. Peace, after all, must have something.

The third name in my notebook was a sailor's —that of a petty officer of the Submarine Service whose bizarre and daring feat set millions talking one wartime morning. In a Far Eastern harbour a British submarine had surfaced. With two grotesque, diving-suited figures astride, a little torpedo-shaped craft slipped out from the submarine's side and streaked across the moonlit water towards a 6,000-ton Jap merchant ship. As it slithered alongside the ship's keel, the petty officer in the rear cockpit edged down to the front and went to work under water with a spanner.

Two minutes later he turned round and silently shook hands with the man in the other cockpit. Another two minutes—and a Jap ship blew up.

That petty officer, Sidney Woolcott, D.S.M., has been home and in his civvy clothes now for eighteen months and more. His mother, Mrs. Amy Woolcott, told me about Sid Past, Sid Present and Sid Future in the living-room behind her rubber stamp shop in Vicarage Road, Watford, where Sid was born and bred. There was a photograph of him in his sailor's uniform on the mantelpiece.

Sid, it seemed, was always one for wanting to see Life. He started, after leaving school, as a plumber's boy. But all he saw was a lot of pipes. So he joined the Metropolitan Police. He saw a great deal of the pavement flags of D Division—but not much you could really call Life.

Well, it seemed Sid got fed up being a London bobby. When the chance came to transfer to the Navy he didn't have to think twice.

His Job, His Wife, His Home

Ceylon was like paradise. Sun, blue skies, cool breezes off the ocean. Excitement, too. Maybe at last Sid was really seeing Life. But you can't go on being a human torpedo for ever.

Now Sid's back on the beat. But this time there are differences. When he found the monotony gnawing at him again, he had himself transferred to the River Police. So now, instead of a tropical harbour in the moonlight it's Wapping Docks in a London murk—and a police launch instead of a human torpedo's "chariot."

There are other differences. For one thing, all the police get fifteen shillings a week more now, and that's something. For another, Sid is married —to a Watford girl he'd known before the war.

The very day I talked to Sid's mother the Woolcotts were moving into their first home in Atalanta Street, Fulham, where Sid used to pound the beat. The first five months of their married life they lived with relatives. He's pretty pleased about getting that house. . . .

Can it be that Sidney Woolcott, human torpedo of a Far East harbour, has found Life at last in S.W.6—in a home of his own in Fulham?

★ ★ ★

Three names picked at random from war's headlines. Three journeys on the long road back from the battlefield's brief, blazing glory to the dignity and ordinariness and tedium of peace. Three journeys progressing, on the whole, satisfactorily.

It would be futile to pretend that all the men whose lives the war burst in upon picked up the threads so steadily. And there was that leg of Worrall's and what it might have been. There was something Jackson said: "Have you seen those chaps at the Star and Garter Home at Richmond? You know, the incurables and helpless of this war and the last. People have forgotten, you know."

But at least it was good to see that each of these three men whom the war covered with honour had realized, in this weary postwar Britain of ours, some little of what he conceived to be the Good Life, that each had been able to prove in his own way that peace, too, hath her victories.

WORLD HOPES—1920, 1947 • ROYAL TOUR IN RETROSPECT • THE TOBACCO TAX AS A SAVING • AUTHOR'S DILEMMA

John Bull readers choose the subjects for this forthright "question-answer" commentary by J. B. Priestley each week

Priestley's Page

Q. "The peace is nearly two years old. In your view, are world prospects in 1947 better or worse than they were in 1920?"

WITHOUT any hesitation, I say that they are better. If any reader doubts this, then let him do what I have done more than once lately, and that is—go back and take a good look at 1920.

Although I would agree at once that we learn with appalling slowness, the fact remains that we know a great deal now that was quite hidden from the world twenty-seven years ago.

We have learnt a few lessons very thoroughly. We know what Fascism is and what it can mean. We know that Soviet Russia is not a mere experiment by a handful of crackpots (and this was the 1920 view). We realize—or at least most of us do—that we live in one world. Certainly the future is uncertain and we realize that the difficulties are appalling, but, there again, that is because we know more and are no longer airily speculating in the blandest ignorance.

The United Nations idea may seem to be making less headway than the old League idea, but that is partly because it is less of a mere show of international understanding and is more of a genuine attempt at a world order.

True, there is the atom bomb, which may blow us all to smithereens. But the problem of the use or abuse of atomic energy places us all fairly and squarely at the crossroads, and it is better to be here than wandering about in a fog.

Finally, I believe that the present experiment we are making here in Britain, in the gradual achievement of a democratic Socialism, is of the utmost importance in the world picture, if only as a possible example of what modern man may be able to achieve. And there was nothing like it in 1920.

Q. "In view of the various reactions to it here, what is your summing-up of the Royal Tour of South Africa?"

THE Royal Tour was, I imagine, a duty visit, and a successful one, too, the Royal Family being accepted in South Africa as charming symbols of the unity of the British Commonwealth.

It was sheer bad luck that the much-publicised start of this tour coincided with the fuel crisis here. And to have cancelled the tour at the last moment would undoubtedly have been a sad blunder, for it would have suggested that the crisis was even more significant than it really was and would have damaged our prestige throughout the Commonwealth and elsewhere.

Unfortunately—and here somebody did blunder badly—two kinds of publicity overlapped: one of them boosting the tour and all the nice arrangements that had been made; and the other telling us that we were desperately short of coal and must have still more austerity.

This awkward over-lapping, the results of which were often audible in the picture theatres at the time, certainly did no service to the idea of royalty, but, although I have no great personal enthusiasm for that idea, I think it was hard luck on the Royal Family, who were merely doing their duty, that there should have been this conflict of atmospheres.

The grumblers should decide what it is they want. If they prefer a republic, then let them say so. But it is absurd to retain kings and queens and princesses, and then complain because they have certain regal privileges and do not queue for fish or try to ride round South Africa on bicycles.

Q. "Do you not agree that rationing by price inflation (which is what the tobacco tax amounts to) is a bad thing?"

I AM not sure that the new additional duty on tobacco does amount to rationing by price inflation. Dr. Dalton is saying in effect: "If you *will* compel us to spend precious dollars on American tobacco, then we shall compel you to pay us additional duty. If you cut down your smoking, then we shall save dollar credits. If you don't cut it down, then we shall take more of your money."

It sounds and looks pretty neat, but I am not much impressed by it.

If what is most important is to cut down our purchases of American tobacco, then I think some attempt might have been made to do this before raising the duty all round. It is the immense cigarette public, which must waste about a fifth of the tobacco it buys (and the Russian type of cigarette is far less wasteful), that has compelled us to spend so many dollars on tobacco. A great deal of high-grade Virginian tobacco must be wasted on all those people who hardly know what they are smoking.

Some attempt should have been made to use less high-grade American leaf in the more popular brands of cigarettes. Or a fairly liberal rationing scheme for cigarettes could have been tried.

It seems to me a shame that thousands of elderly men, real smokers who appreciate their pipes, who learned to smoke when tobacco was fourpence an ounce, should now be compelled to pay four shillings an ounce.

The grim irony of this situation is that it is the very people who know how to enjoy tobacco properly, and to whom smoking is something more than a nervous social habit, who will be hit the hardest by this new tax.

I think certain grades of pipe tobacco might have been left as they were before. If you say this is unfair, then I must point out that this whole business of piling up duty on tobacco is unfair; there is no reason why smokers should give more to the State than non-smokers.

And if we all stopped smoking—and drinking—the non-smokers and teetotallers would have a shock when they discovered how many more new taxes they would have to pay to make up the deficit of revenue.

Q. "Which do you prefer writing—novels or plays?"

ALTHOUGH I am still described as a novelist, I have actually written far more plays than novels. And on the whole I enjoy the writing of plays more than I do novels because I happen to find the severe technical limitations and difficulties of the drama both engrossing and stimulating. (In writing a play, you have to do two things at once, for you must remember that you are trying to write about real life and real people, and at the same time you must remember you are writing for actors and audiences in a theatre.)

On the other hand, once I have written a novel, my troubles are over, for the manuscript goes to my publishers and they do the rest. But the Theatre now is so disorganized and chaotic, and in such an economic mess, that when you have written a play, your troubles are only just beginning.

The delays and disappointments and the general confusion are all so irritating and wearying that, although I prefer writing plays, I sometimes tell myself that I will stop writing them until such time as our Theatre really begins to organize itself.

If we had a properly organized Theatre, I believe that we should soon have far better plays than we have today.

*** If you have a question for Mr. Priestley send it on a postcard to the Editor. No letters, requests or appeals, please

Private View of Yehudi Menuhin

UNSPOILT GENIUS

AT THE AGE OF THIRTY, Yehudi Menuhin is an outstanding exception to the rule that infant prodigies seldom justify their early promise. Yehudi is no longer the cherubic lad whose flawless violin playing with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra was the musical sensation of 1924; but critics who heard his recent performance in London, with his sister Hephzibah accompanying at the piano, agreed that his brilliance is not only undiminished, but reaching greater maturity. His supreme craftsmanship, unhurried assurance and intuitive grasp of a composer's individual idiom are reaching full flower.

He is, in fact, the most unspoilt genius in circulation. Neither his immense wealth—he was a millionaire before he was twenty-one—nor an international reputation which is the virtual equivalent of diplomatic status wherever he goes have gone to his head. For this, Yehudi and his admirers must thank his parents.

His father, Moshe, was a Russian Jew who emigrated to America at the age of eighteen and married Marutha, a girl from a Crimean family, when they were students together at New York University. They lived on Moshe's modest salary as assistant to a Jewish educational organization. Neither could play any music, but both were fond of it and their weekly visit to a symphony concert was the one luxury they could afford.

Yehudi, their first child, was born in their New York flat in 1917, and when he was a year old they took him with them to hear the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, as they couldn't afford a nurse. He seemed to like it and gave no trouble at all, so his grateful parents assumed that music "agreed" with him and took him along regularly.

At two, however, the boy showed that music was important to him. He had been so fascinated at the sight of a kerbside fiddler that his parents bought him a toy violin that looked real, but would emit no sound. Flying into a rage, he jumped on the fake violin again and again, screaming: "It doesn't sing! It doesn't sing!" He was inconsolable until a kindly old man next door gave him a real violin, and on this instrument, more as a game than anything else, he was given his first lessons.

When Yehudi was four it was evident to his parents that they had a prodigy for a son. He could now play music, and seemed to assimilate theory without any effort.

Pleased as they were, Moshe and Marutha were intelligent enough to see the dangers of the situation. They would, they decided, make any sacrifice to see that the child's special gifts were developed, but they would need to take care that his ordinary education was not neglected. He must have his fair share of games, sport and family life.

As things turned out, Yehudi proved an eminently normal boy. He liked swimming, riding and playing chess. He had extraordinary powers of concentration, yet could turn his attention from one subject to another. He had no temperamental manners, no unreasoning fears or aversions. He progressed well with his ordinary studies and was a good companion for Hephzibah and Yalta.

THE two sisters proved to be, if not as talented, well above their age-level of intelligence. Hephzibah was able to accompany her brother at public concerts from the age of nine. Yalta, by the time she was fourteen, had written over 400 poems in five different languages. Today, all three speak, write and read in seven languages.

The three children were educated at home, and when Yehudi went to Paris to study under the Rumanian violinist, Georges Enescu, the whole family moved with him, a practice which was maintained until the children reached maturity.

There were sound reasons for this. Firstly, it was important to limit Yehudi's public appearances if his abilities were not to be exploited at the expense of his health. Besides this, Moshe and Marutha were not content for him to become a homeless wanderer, knowing nothing but the superficial glitter of cosmopolitan hotels, eating irregularly, subject to excessive nervous and physical strain before he could attain adolescence and manhood.

So, for years, the Menuhin caravan was constantly on the move; Moshe, Marutha (slim and handsome, looking more like an elder sister than mother of her three children), Yehudi, who took everything evenly in his stride, Hephzibah, at ease with her family but painfully shy on the concert platform, and Yalta. With them went three trunks of music and £20,000 worth of violins, one a Stradivarius.

Money was no longer a problem. By the age of twelve, Menuhin could command £1,000 a performance, and although he was limited by his parents to one performance a week, gramophone recordings and radio engagements doubled this figure, bringing his earnings up to £100,000 a year.

Packing luggage, catching aeroplanes, boats and trains, moving in and out of hotels, came naturally to the Menuhins, and certainly Yehudi thrived on it. By the age of eighteen he had completed the most remarkable round-the-world tour of any boy of his age. He had given 110 concerts in seventy-three cities, in thirteen different countries.

Now nearly a millionaire, he bought a 1,000-acre ranch at Los Gatos, in the beautiful Santa Cruz mountains of California. The house itself was built on a mountain top, with underground police alarm signals and radio beams to keep out intruders.

At nineteen, Yehudi surprised the musical world by announcing his intention of retiring for two years. It meant a sacrifice of £200,000 in lost earnings, but he wanted leisure to examine more closely the classical works in his immense collection of "Urtext" editions (first prints of music, issued during a composer's lifetime).

During this period he made several important discoveries. He found, for instance, that Mozart intended the second movement of his third Concerto in G major to be played with a mute—something no violinist had ever done.

Menuhin never plays any composition except in the form originally designated by the composer. To meddle or amend is, he insists, presumption. The composers were skilled musicians, who knew what they were doing.

Hephzibah is now married to Lindsay Nicholas, a rich Australian sheep farmer, and is happily settled at his sheep station with their two children. In 1938 Yehudi married Nicholas's sister, and is now father of a five-year-old son, Krov, and a six-year-old daughter, Zamira.

Yehudi eats simple food, likes good fiction—especially Balzac and Tolstoy—and is a keen amateur photographer. He rises at 7 a.m., goes swimming or riding before breakfast, afterwards answering his correspondence and glancing at musical scores submitted by publishers.

FOR at least six hours a day he gives himself up to practice, a habit which he maintained throughout his two years' "retirement." He changes shirts about three times during every performance.

To the despair of his publicity agents he refuses to insure his hands. Such a nice story it would be: THE MAN WITH THE MILLION-DOLLAR HANDS. But Menuhin won't have it. "I could only insure them," he insists, "if I were to accept all sorts of restrictions—not to play tennis, never to carry my own luggage, and so on. It isn't worth it."

A psychologist might describe Menuhin as a "completely integrated" personality, another way of saying that there is no screw loose anywhere. But although he keeps his emotional balance, he is sensitive to suffering.

As a Jew, he felt the sufferings of his co-religionists under Hitler, and gave huge sums for relief. And during the war he raised more for charity than any other single artist—over £150,000.

Perhaps his most memorable wartime concert was one he played for thirty doughboys in a Nissen hut in the Aleutian Islands. He had flown there specially, and played solidly for six hours, though the night air made his hands blue with cold.

Thick-set and unobtrusive in his choice of clothes, Menuhin speaks American in soft, measured accents, weighing the implications of every sentence. He is still modest (his parents taught him that too thoroughly for him ever to forget it), and is extraordinarily loyal to his old teachers and friends.

One of the first things he did, after the war ended, was to fly to Rumania to play with the Bucharest Philharmonic Orchestra under the conductorship of his old friend and teacher, Georges Enescu. The orchestra had no funds, so Menuhin performed without a fee.

Although he is said never to worry, one thing can bring him near to nervousness—a threat to his beloved Stradivarius. It is very susceptible to humidity, and Menuhin's hearing is so keen that an eighth of a tone out jars on his ears as a shocking cacophony. Once, after playing Bach's E major violin concerto with Stokowski, he insisted that the applause was undeserved and that "the tone was hopeless." Players near to him said they heard nothing amiss.

"But there *is* something wrong with it!" he insisted. "There! Can't you hear it?"

Hurrying to New York, he took the violin to the only expert he has ever allowed to handle it. The specialist could find nothing wrong with it either, but Menuhin was so worried that he searched it, inch upon inch, under a strong magnifying glass.

Eventually they found the "trouble"—an opening large enough to insert the corner of a safety-razor blade, where perspiration had slightly loosened some glue.

DENNIS BARDENS

PROGRESS REPORT ON THE WONDER DRUGS

by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.

Miracle-cures or mirages? Claims, countered by warnings, have confused people about the new drugs. An expert here describes the stage reached by scientists in this field

PENICILLIN WAS THE FIRST of the wonder-drugs. Streptomycin came next. They both work miracles—or do they?

Parliament has had a busy session. But it spent a long time discussing the Penicillin Bill, which will ensure that you cannot get either of the wonder drugs without a prescription from your doctor.

The B.B.C. is a busy organization. But it has broadcast scores of appeals for streptomycin "urgently needed for a child who is dangerously ill." Half of them were ineffectual. The other half produced insufficient streptomycin too late to do any good.

The daily Press is short of paper. But it has devoted a lot of its limited space to stories about streptomycin being flown from America and rushed to hospitals too late to save the life of some young boy or girl. There have been stories about streptomycin known to be at one hospital not being used to save the life of a child in another hospital three miles away.

What is the real truth behind this spate of stories and rumours and half-truths? Why is the Government controlling the sale of penicillin and preventing its sale to anybody and everybody over the chemist's counter? Would streptomycin, in quantity and given in time, have saved lives that are now lost?

Let's begin with penicillin.

We now produce more than enough penicillin for all the manifold needs of doctors, dentists and veterinary surgeons in this country. So much more that penicillin has become a valuable part of our export business. There is sufficient penicillin available to stock every chemist's shop in the country.

What is more, the ordinary yellow penicillin or the highly purified white penicillin can both be bought more cheaply here than anywhere else in the world.

Why Sale is Controlled

Penicillin is the best treatment we have for a score of killing diseases. It is also the best treatment we have for such minor nuisances as boils, whitlows, half a dozen skin diseases, infections of the ear and nose, and many other things. It can be used in the form of creams, lozenges, pastilles, chewing gum and even snuff.

Why then must there still be control of its sale—control that will make it an offence to sell or supply penicillin in any form except under the direction of a doctor, a dentist or a veterinary surgeon?

It is because penicillin, like other drugs, so many of which it has displaced, has its dangers.

Penicillin may make your tongue black, which is odd but not important. It may make your knees swell up, which is peculiar, but, since they go down again, not very important. It may produce all sorts of skin reactions and particularly a kind of nettle-rash.

There are, however, two dangers—much more significant than these minor peculiarities—which penicillin shares with many other drugs.

Penicillin is a living liquid which attacks certain germs. Germs are living cells which attack us. If a few germs attack us we develop a resistance to them. Later attacks by quite large doses of germs are then easily defeated.

All inoculations and vaccinations work on the same simple principles. A big dose of germs will kill you. A small dose will set you back a bit, but in defeating the small dose your body develops a resistance to future attacks by larger doses.

Penicillin bears rather the same relation to germs. Take a colony of germs and apply a big dose of penicillin. All the germs are killed and that is all about that. Give the same colony a small dose of penicillin and many of the germs will survive. In surviving they will have learnt how to resist penicillin. In future they will resist even huge doses.

That is the first great danger. Insufficient doses of penicillin will not kill the germs that are attacking you. You must use big doses, and immediately you come up against the question—how big is a big dose? The answer is that it varies from one disease to another, from one germ to another, and even at different stages of the same disease and for different families of the same kind of germ.

In other words, to use penicillin safely you need to know all about the diseases and the germs. You need in fact to be a fully qualified doctor with a laboratory in the background.

The second great danger is really a particular and special example of the first great danger—the general principle that under-dosage produces penicillin-resistance. Penicillin has entirely altered our treatment of the two most important venereal diseases—gonorrhoea and syphilis. We can now cure gonorrhoea with one injection of penicillin in beeswax and peanut-oil. We can cure syphilis in ten weeks instead of the two years it used to take.

People are more sensible about V.D. than they were. But V.D. is still acquired more often by sexual intercourse outside marriage than in any other way. As often as not, the man or woman with V.D. is ashamed—not so much of the disease as of the behaviour which led to infection. If penicillin were sold freely, half the cases of V.D. would try self-treatment. We should soon be faced with the impossible problem of what to do with thousands of cases of penicillin-resistant V.D.

Those are the two main reasons for keeping penicillin under the control of the doctors. They are the reasons which impressed Parliament. If you need penicillin, then you also need your own doctor to prescribe the right quantity for your individual case. And what is the right dose for you may be too much or too little for the man next door.

Streptomycin cured her meningitis. But its use still involves great risks

Expensive to Make

Penicillin is the finest weapon in the doctor's black bag. And only a doctor can handle it with safety. Like most effective weapons it happens to be double-edged.

The streptomycin story is very different. Streptomycin is in very short supply and likely to remain so. That is the first fact to bear in mind.

And manufacturing it is a long and expensive process.

Growth on a special mixture of corn steep liquor or sugar and meat extract takes about ten days. The thin white felt which covers the surface of the mixture has then to be purified, filtered and frozen. The result is an expensive white powder, which is streptomycin.

America is now producing about 250,000 grams a month at a cost of £4 per gram. To treat one case of tuberculosis, over the minimum period of six months, about 200 grams are needed, which would cost £800.

In this country we are hoping to produce 250 grams of streptomycin a month by June of this year, and the cost will obviously be much more than £4 a gram and will remain high till we are producing it on something like the American scale.

America has not enough streptomycin for its own purposes. From June we will have enough each month to treat one case of tuberculosis or a dozen cases of other conditions.

Second and most important fact about streptomycin is this. While penicillin is a proved success, streptomycin is not—though streptomycin has been remarkably successful in a condition called tularaemia, or rabbit-fever. Just seven grams of streptomycin cured sixty-three out of sixty-seven cases of tularaemia. America has over a thousand serious cases of this disease every year. In this country the disease is unknown.

Penicillin has never killed anyone yet. There have already been two deaths from streptomycin. Penicillin never damages the nervous system. Streptomycin may do so and may cause deafness and giddiness.

What diseases could we treat with streptomycin in this country? Typhoid fever possibly. Of five American cases so treated three recovered. These were bad cases not responding to the usual

treatment. Whooping cough, maybe. So far the good results from streptomycin have been obtained only in Swiss mice, but it is being tried out on whooping cough in children.

Streptomycin seems to kill selectively most of the germs normally present in the large intestine. It could be used, therefore, to diminish the risk of operations on this part of the alimentary tract.

Influenzal meningitis; of 100 patients with this condition ninety would be expected to die. Under treatment with streptomycin only seventeen out of one hundred patients died.

The greatest hopes, however, were held out for cases of tuberculosis and tuberculous meningitis.

It seems clear now that in some cases of tuberculosis of the lungs a long and expensive treatment with streptomycin will help. It does *not* eradicate the disease but it does help to control it. That is as much as anybody can say about streptomycin, in the treatment of the ordinary cases of tuberculosis.

I doubt very much if any more definite assessment will be made till the cases under treatment have been studied carefully for the next five years. And remember that every month in England and Wales 2,000 men and women die from tuberculosis, and every month we will produce enough streptomycin to help—*not* to cure—one case.

Tuberculous meningitis is responsible for perhaps 170 deaths a month, usually in children. This disease has almost always been fatal. There is no possible treatment. The doctor can only tell the parents of the likely result, failing a miracle.

Any parent in those circumstances would clutch at the feeblest straw. There have been stories about American children with tuberculous meningitis recovering under treatment with streptomycin. So a despairing appeal goes to the B.B.C., which would have to be completely inhuman to refuse to broadcast it.

Millions of people hear the appeal. Thousands wax indignant. A child is dying and streptomycin will save its life; why is there no streptomycin? What are the doctors doing to allow this child to die? Why has the Government not bought streptomycin from America? Dollars are precious, but not as precious as the lives of our children.

Child Survivors

Here are the facts.

In America thousands of dollars' worth of streptomycin was used to treat seven cases of tuberculous meningitis. Without streptomycin all those seven children would have died. Streptomycin failed to save three of them but four still live. This is a remarkable achievement, but it has cost not only dollars.

One child is blind. One is deaf. One has a defect of speech and is now mentally retarded. The most fortunate of the four survivors has only a paralysis of the muscles controlling eye movements. It may be that, with more streptomycin, purer streptomycin, and earlier diagnosis and treatment, such cases may recover without any defects or disabilities. But that is looking a long way ahead.

Meanwhile the Government has spent nearly a million dollars on American supplies of this drug. Every gram of it is being put to the most effective use by the Medical Research Council. Special teams of investigators at selected hospitals are applying streptomycin to cases that arrive early enough for streptomycin to hold out hope of some good results. Each of these cases is studied carefully and adds to the sum of our still scanty knowledge of what streptomycin will do or will not do.

Is that the right way to use our limited supplies of what is still a dangerous and little-known drug? Or would you fritter it away to console the distracted parents of children in whom the disease is so far advanced that recovery is impossible?

To sum up, then. Penicillin is a proved success, with a danger of under-dosage producing penicillin-resistance, so that it must remain in the hands of professional men and women if it is not to be abused and to create more problems than it has solved.

Streptomycin is a young cousin of penicillin. There are high hopes for its future. But for the present it is in short supply and will remain so for some years.

The Government has done its part. It has bought enough for essential British research. The doctors and research workers are trying it out. But it will be five years before we know as much about streptomycin as we do about penicillin.

A distinguished American said recently: "These wonder drugs really are pretty wonderful." They are—but they will not work miracles.

Therefore, don't expect miracles. And then, when the miracles obstinately refuse to happen, you will be neither dismayed nor indignant.

BOY OR GIRL—SHOULD PARENTS CHOOSE?

"No!" is the Verdict of John Bull Readers

"Do we want the power to determine sex in advance?" Harvey Graham, M.D., put this question in a recent John Bull article describing scientific research which may one day enable parents to decide in advance whether their child shall be a boy or a girl. In the many letters received, the verdict of John Bull readers is perfectly clear

Breeding Permit?

TRULY THIS WORLD IS GOING so fast that some day it will run past itself. Interesting and informative as Harvey Graham's article was, it made me feel we are on the way to creating a problem as big as atomic energy.

And it looks as if a young couple who want to have a family in future years will have to have a permit to regulate their choice.—W. A. ROLL, 5 Hope Street, Greenock, Renfrewshire.

Look at the Mule—

SUCH THEORIES AS THOSE discussed in "First a Boy, then a Girl" are treacherous. They encourage the ordinary man and woman to believe science is all-powerful, to see only its successes and none of its failures.

In the animal world, interfering with normal birth has produced the cross-bred mule which, I believe, is incapable of reproducing itself. A fine achievement! — J. FLETCHER, Weybridge Road, Weybridge, Surrey.

—or at the Bees!

I WAS SURPRISED THAT in "First a Boy, then a Girl" no mention was made of hive bees. It is well known that the predetermination of sex at the absolute "will" of the queen bee is an established fact. She is able to lay an egg which will produce a male, or lay an egg that will hatch into a female, whichever she chooses.

A virgin queen bee can lay eggs but these always hatch into males. A queen bee is only mated once and thereafter controls the male sperm for the rest of her life.—M. W. FULLER, Mytchett, near Aldershot.

Nine Sons

WE HAVE HAD NINE SONS. The first was born in Australia, another in South Africa, and the others in this country—three in Northumberland and four in Kent. So it looks as if climate, at any rate, does not affect conception. My husband and I dearly wanted a daughter but I must say we never got round to studying chromosomes.

And if we had, I firmly believe we would neither of us have been prepared to do anything to influence them.—MRS. R. E., Penkull, Stoke-on-Trent. (Name and address enclosed.)

Unwanted Boy

NINE YEARS AGO I had a beautiful baby girl—fat, rosy and lovely as everybody pictures a baby. Seven years later she was followed by a brother.

He was not as big as our doe rabbit out in the garden. I was bitterly disappointed. I didn't want a boy—especially such a scrap of humanity as this.

Gradually he grew, and our love grew with him. Now he is two and wins everybody's heart with his small face and big, brown eyes. I had wanted a girl but I realize now just what I would have missed if my tiny son had not survived. He is not very beautiful to look at but he has very beautiful characteristics.

If I had a dozen babies I would never want their sex determined beforehand. Leave these very personal things to nature. She knows best how to deal her cards.—M. M. L., Reading. (Name and address enclosed.)

Are We Afraid?

HARVEY GRAHAM WAS ENORMOUSLY interesting on sex-determination but why did he have to end with questioning whether we really wanted the power to decide about our own children?

Has not the time gone by when people were afraid of knowledge? The attitude of "This is God's business; don't let us interfere" infuriates me. I am religious enough to think that, if God has given scientists the ability to probe into nature's secrets, he has also given human beings the intelligence to use knowledge properly.—STEPHEN DONALDSON, 9a The Parade, Old Coulsdon, Surrey.

Keep the Balance

PREDETERMINATION OF SEX is never likely to become a reality. This is indeed fortunate as it would be an evil thing if man had the power to disturb nature's balance of the sexes.—B. SIMMONS, 10 Upper High Street, Worthing.

Inside Information

THE YOUNG GENERATION have my sympathy. Every article that is published about the scientific side of sex does a little bit to wreck the mystery of falling in love.

Who in his senses wants to know how his sweetheart works inside?—THOMAS HAMPSON, Accrington Road, Blackburn.

★ ★ The writer of each letter printed ★ above will receive one guinea

BREAK THE FOOD DEADLOCK (3) by CLAUD MORRIS

Rogues in the Market Place

Every inquiry into the food business eventually leads to one of the prime villains of the piece — the marketing racketeer. That's the lesson of this third article in a vital John Bull campaign

MY GIRL IS THE POOR MAN'S Ingrid Bergman. She might have been working for J. Arthur Rank, but she's too good at shopping and cooking and living and she's better off queueing up for the two-and-ninepennies and having supper at Joe Lyons's.

Last Wednesday she bought a tin of peas and shook it in my face. Her eyes were hard—to buy an eight-ounce tin of peas for sevenpence when last year her father, who grows peas, sold the whole of his crop at about a farthing a pound.

I know the story. It's not new. I heard it last year, from pipe-smoking men in dirty grey undershirts on dozens of five- and ten-acre holdings up and down the country.

One man in Bedfordshire got out of his house on the first morning of the first week of July, and his labourers, women and boys, were waiting for him at the yard gate. By week's end they had picked two acres of peas.

By Friday an agent had taken the peas off his hands. He didn't know what sort of price he'd get, but he had to pay rail charges and salesman's commission.

A week later he got a letter saying he was going to get a shilling a bag for the whole crop. Before he unfolded his fingers and began to count he knew that on each bag, holding forty pounds of peas, he had lost four shillings. Before he even reckoned the cost of labour and time and production up to picking day he knew he'd like to say "to hell with it" and never grow another pea, *never*.

"Mister," he said in the pub that night, "to be a market gardener in England you must be able to turn a deuce into an ace. I don't know who the devil gets the money, but somebody does."

Farthing Becomes Sixpence

The next morning, four miles away in the town of Bedford, anybody could walk into a greengrocer's and buy a pound of new peas—price sixpence.

And if my market-gardener friend could have hiked his ancient truck out of the shed and wheezed his way forty-odd miles up to Knightsbridge, London, he would have been very embarrassed to see the shopping ladies, who look more sophisticated every week, being handed a pound of peas for eightpence.

Who's to blame? Who's the fellow who made all the money out of peas last year? Who's the fellow with the magic fingers who sold at eightpence when the grower go' little over a farthing? There's a wolf somewhere, but who can smell him out?

Is it the small greengrocer? No.

Not long ago, Lord Woolton, for all the world like a doting nurse, said the country's biggest industry was shopkeeping. "I decided to go into it myself," said he, "because it is the most vital of all trades in the country. Its scope is astounding. One half of the national income passes through its hands. . . ."

It's a big business, but most of the shops are small. There are reckoned to be as many as three hundred thousand shops selling food of one sort and another. Eight per cent of these do over fifty per cent of the total business.

These are the big shops, the chains—you know the names. And most of these big shops are comfortably hand in hand with the big food distributors.

One big distributor is a flour king; another the queen of the sugar trade; another the boss of butter, fats and marge; and another the lord of the meat industry. As one instance, the marketing of fruit and vegetables in this country is to all intents and purposes controlled by three or four big intermediaries. There are others—but the small fry don't count much.

Most fruit and vegetable produce is sold on commission by salesmen in the large wholesale markets like London, Sheffield and Birmingham. Many firms in the market are small, but the market is so sensitive that a few large firms may at times dominate it like easy-chair dictators.

Last week, garden produce sent a hundred miles to London, by rail, was shipped back to Gloucester, a few miles from where it was grown. Why? The agent in Gloucester got his cut, a sub-wholesaler in London got his cut, then sold the truckload to a main wholesaler, who got on to Trunks and sold the lot back to a Gloucester man over the phone. And the produce itself never left the railway wagon at Royal Oak, Paddington.

No Public Conscience

A market gardener in Essex who started supplying a Chelsea retail shop with greenstuff direct was met by his customer one morning. "Sorry," said the retailer, "but my wholesaler says he won't supply me with fruit if I get my greens direct from you. Sorry, but it's goodbye."

Then, take the profitable "side-line" which the black market offers any unscrupulous middleman. Prosecutions are rare. There is no longer any public conscience about this sort of thing.

Example No. 1: The market in chickens. Thousands of chickens a day find their way into restaurants at over-control price.

Example No. 2: Pigs. I am told on the authority of a Government Minister that hundreds of tons of pig meat find their way to the north of England each week for "black" buyers, and the Government is, as yet, helpless to stop it.

I am told by one of the autocrats in the Smithfield gossip exchange that one-third of the poultry business in Britain is black market. Millions of housewives politely knuckle under.

Yet this sort of thing is crippling Britain's recovery.

Get back to the legitimate side of the marketing business and see what's to be done. I met the director of a large sub-wholesale firm in the Strand. He gets four and a half per cent as an intermediary with yet another wholesaler, and has a turnover of nearly fifty thousand pounds a year. When I said, in politer language, that we people in the countryside were damned well fed up filling the pockets of distributors who didn't distribute, he looked at me as taut as an over-wound watch-spring.

"And what would you propose to do about it?"

I said something was being done about it. If his conscience wasn't about zero level, he could take a walk down Whitehall and give evidence to the special committee now preparing a Government report on food marketing.

The poultry people, the farmers, the fruit men, the political parties, and dozens of marketing bodies, official and unofficial, are unfurling their files and getting ready to step up, give evidence, and lift the lid off the marketing muddle.

He didn't smile, or even look pained. He stabbed his pipe at me. "Huh!" he said. "Another bunch of four-letter bureaucrats, sitting down in offices and shuffling paper. Suppose Strachey does get round to looking over their findings eight months from now—then there'll be a newspaper fuss for two days, then the report will be promptly filed away and as promptly forgotten. Better someone spent time looking into the padded payrolls at the Ministry of Food!"

But the Government says it is businesslike in its intention. It is not afraid to yank the lion's tail.

It must act now. Every time you probe into the food business you come, sooner or later, to the blunt conclusion that the racketeering distributor is the villain of the marketing story. The farmer, mostly, sells his green crops on contract at so much an acre, and he gets nothing from the racket.

The racketeer must go. It should be illegal for any wholesaler to sell vegetables at much more than twenty per cent above the price he paid the farmer. That means the housewife could get cauliflower and cabbages at the right price—a few pence.

As the girl said to me when she shook that tin of peas in my face, you can cheat the ordinary man; you can beat him, fool him for a while. But in the long run, mister, it's about as easy as keeping a cyclone in a paper bag.

NEXT WEEK: *More Home Food—It's Now or Never.*

Between farmer and housewife price of vegetables rockets. Who is to blame?

"A combination of the measures I list here would produce a great economy of force, saving the men we need for industry while providing an army of more real value."

How to

by CAPTAIN LIDDELL HART

Britain's foremost military writer continues his John Bull discussion on the question: Why must our armed forces remain so large? He has a plan for realistic "slimming" measures

Liddell Hart works out the details of his plan in the library of his home—a John Bull photograph in colour by William Kemp

TWO YEARS AFTER GERMANY'S collapse we are keeping over 1,400,000 men in the Forces. That is three and a half times as many as we maintained ten years ago—when war was threatening.

The Minister of Defence holds out no better hope than a reduction of the Forces to 1,087,000 by the spring of 1948—while mentioning that some 450,000 civilians will also be employed in work for the Forces.

We *must* find ways of cutting down the total. It would be crazy to bring on a certain economic disaster, and the breakdown of the nation's life, for the sake of feeling a little more secure against possible danger of a military kind.

Much of the burden is due to our inability to get out of the rut of conventional thinking; we continue to act as if the war had changed nothing, and cannot shake free of old concepts that have no relation to the present situation.

Take, first, the Navy. All three of the naval powers that formerly menaced us have been overthrown. Russia's naval power is very limited, as the war showed. The American Navy has now replaced ours as the mistress of the seas, and we could not attain equality with it if we tried. In any case, there is no likelihood of our fighting it. So we might make the most of these facts in our naval planning. Why should we continue to bear a naval burden as large as ever when the cause has disappeared?

The biggest part of our naval budget has been due to the maintenance of battleships, indirectly as well as directly—for despite their acclaimed supremacy these require large escorts of smaller craft for their own protection. It was clear to any dispassionate analyst years ago that, with the growth of air power and other new instruments, battleships would have much diminished scope in future, because of the increasing precautions they would have to take. This deduction was amply confirmed by the war.

Moreover, most of the naval battles were decided far beyond the range of the battleships' guns—by aircraft. We should have been much safer at sea if the money we had spent on battleships had been put into the development of more urgent needs.

"Emotional" Admirals

But prewar discussion also made it clear that Admiralty judgment on such issues was little affected by scientific analysis. It was determined by emotional convictions of a quasi-religious nature. Admirals regarded their battleships like bishops their cathedrals. That is the real crux of the problem.

There is now opportunity, as well as urgent economic reason, for a more rational policy. There may be a future for new designs of warship—perhaps streamlined vessels with long-range rocket mountings—but it is more difficult than ever to find adequate value in maintaining our present battleships. Ample insurance against the remote chance of such mammoths being useful is provided by the American admirals' desire to keep them, and their country's greater capacity to afford such luxuries. That simplifies our problem, and should enable us to plan a more economic layout in the naval

ghten our military burden

sphere. Even if the Government hesitates to override Admiralty views, the preservation of a couple of "cathedrals"—as a naval Canterbury and York—should be an ample concession to sentiment and the slender grounds of argument on which it is still supported. That would enable a great saving of money and manpower.

The biggest part of our air budget has hitherto arisen from the maintenance of a large force of heavy bombers, whose primary aim was to destroy industries and demoralize the people of the opposing countries. That policy looks more questionable in the outcome than it did at the time. But, apart from this doubt, any such massive bombing is made superfluous by the advent of the atomic bomb.

"Bomber" Harris himself has expressed the view that bombers have "become obsolete." But he has warned us, too, that the Air Force, nevertheless, will follow the way of the other Services and "tend to cling to the antiquated weapons with which it will conceive its interests to be bound up." It is only when a man's Service career is finished that he can venture to express a truth that conflicts with such established interests.

By recognizing the obsoleteness of the heavy bomber the way is open for a great saving of money and manpower in the Air Force. At the same time we can concentrate, with better economy, on fighters for defence in general, and on the specialized types of aircraft needed to co-operate with the Navy and the Army.

Is Policing an Army Rôle?

The Army is the biggest consumer of manpower. In principle that is justified, since neither the defeat of the Axis nor the advent of the atomic bomb has nullified its functions. For it is the only kind of force that can deal with frontier violation or insurrection—the most likely kinds of threat that we may have to meet in the near future, apart from underground movements. But the scale of consumption is more questionable, and as the biggest consumer it is here chiefly that economy has to be sought.

The scale depends partly on our commitments, and partly on the way of fulfilling them. As my previous article showed (JOHN BULL, April 19), it is nonsense to say that our responsibilities have greatly increased since prewar days.

Our share in the occupation of Germany is the main addition. The force we have there is inadequate to meet any conceivable invasion of our zone, being mostly dissipated in non-operational packets, while it is both excessive and unsuitable for policing the zone.

In Palestine we are keeping twenty times the force that we had ten years ago—with no better results in keeping order. The imposition of martial law has merely served to emphasize that we are baffled by the underground movement.

Soldiers are not suited to be policemen. In Palestine and other disturbed areas we might do better to reduce the garrisons and organize stronger police forces. It would save a fair amount of money and a lot of manpower. Military forces are most effectively employed as mobile "fire brigades," to dash in if a smouldering revolt bursts into open flame. An army that is organized for such a function is also better fitted to meet invasion.

Penny-packet policing is not compatible with efficiency for war.

But there is a great waste of manpower in other ways that endangers our economic situation without compensating benefit to our military situation in case of war. The present state of our Forces is a poor insurance against such a possibility.

The War Minister has stated that there are now only 143 infantry battalions compared with 140 before the war, and that at the end of this year they will be down to ninety-one. That is a very significant pointer. Infantry battalions are still the staple combat element in the normal division, and these figures help us to gauge how limited is the number of fighting formations in the postwar Army.

This is the sequel to a war where manpower was swallowed up in secondary functions to an extent never before known, and where the tail of the Army swelled to a size vastly disproportionate to its teeth and claws. The glaring discrepancy was concealed from the public by wartime secrecy, and it has continued to be hidden. Even highly-placed soldiers did not realize its extent, and tended to accept the necessity with little question.

The Minister of Defence's assurance that civil opinion will be consulted by the Service manpower committees carries little hope of adequate improvement. The fullest possible data, expert knowledge and constructive imagination are the three essentials if any investigation is to be fruitful. To trim a few oddments here and there is not sufficient. Before the real problem can be tackled there must be the clearest possible understanding of how the tail has become so extravagantly swollen.

In the first World War, Britain had three and a half million men in the Army at its peak. Out of that total it managed to produce a fighting strength that amounted to seventy-two divisions actually operating in the field.

In the second World War, Britain had close on three million men in the Army at its peak—despite the much increased demands of the Air Force and the Navy. But, compared with the previous war, it had little more than quarter the number of divisions in the field for its maximum effort.

Only thirteen British divisions took part in the 1944-45 advance from Normandy to the Rhine. They achieved more than their proportionate share of influence on the campaign, but for that they have not received due credit abroad, since the military world has the habit of reckoning strength in terms of divisions. Our figure appeared so small in comparison with the other armies engaged. It did not even equal the number of divisions we had put into France by the spring of 1940.

Bloated Size of Auxiliaries

That we could deploy no more than thirteen divisions in the field here in 1944-45 is the more remarkable in view of the fact that our military losses in this war were less than a quarter of what they had been in the previous war. The real clue to the relative weakness of our striking force lay in the bloated size of our auxiliary establishments. These drained our fighting strength to a far greater extent than Haig's costly battles of the Somme and Paschendaele had done in the first World War, and offset the benefit of Montgomery's more economical tactics.

All sorts of military luxuries came to be regarded as necessities. They not only subtracted from our fighting strength but multiplied its impedimenta. By 1944 our Army was a monster that had a body as big as an elephant's with a head no larger than a wolf's.

Germany, with only double our population, produced nearly ten times as many fighting divisions. Despite vastly greater casualties, she managed to maintain round about 200 divisions in operation until the final stage of the war. The majority of them were well armed, though not so lavishly equipped as our own.

Their fighting performance provides evidence that the immense scale of the back-area troops on our side was not really necessary. German military organization showed far more economy of force in adjusting the proportion between teeth and tail.

The Americans, it is true, were extravagant like ourselves in the use of manpower. From some six million men in the army, exclusive of the air forces, they produced ninety divisions in all. But they put sixty-one into the final campaign in the West—and that total naturally made our own effort appear small in the eyes of the world.

Moreover, certain of the leading Americans were conscious of the increased punch to be gained by slimming. I spent a couple of evenings with General Patton before he went over to Normandy; he related how, after reading my book on Sherman, he had spent several weeks studying Sherman's campaigns on the ground, and we discussed the possibilities of applying to modern conditions those "march through Georgia" methods of cutting down impedimenta to develop more striking mobility.

On reaching the Seine, in the swift break-out from Normandy, the commander of his armoured spearhead, General Wood, dashed off a note to tell me how well such methods had worked.

The Irony of Our War Effort

The supreme irony of the British war effort was that we drained our civil industries of manpower far more rigorously than in the first World War in order to swell our fighting strength, only to have most of it absorbed by the "tail." Thus we imperilled our postwar recovery without achieving a display of strength in the front line sufficient to impress the world.

In terms of divisions, we contributed barely six per cent of the forces arrayed against Hitler in the final campaign. We had contributed the same percentage to the forces arrayed against Napoleon in 1815—but in that case our effort impressed the world as being much greater, while we preserved our economic strength, exercised the dominant influence on the peace settlement, and were able to keep the lead in the era of real peace that followed.

One cause of our present manpower shortage had its origin early in the last war. For, having rushed into conscription on the eve of it, we then adopted a programme for creating an army of fifty-five divisions, and in 1940 projected ten more, without due regard to other calls of a newer kind. With the framework laid out on such a scale, the auxiliary services came to be unduly expanded. We soon felt the pinch and had to start breaking up fighting formations already raised, but it proved less easy to cut down the elaborate organic system for maintaining them, with all its supplementary establishments. We are still suffering from this incubus.

A palpable example of such wasted manpower was provided by our Forces in the Middle East. During the whole of 1943 danger was receding from that region, yet the total of the troops went on rising. By the beginning of 1944 it amounted to 635,000 men.

Only a small fraction of it was operational. In September, 1943, when the collapse of Italy gave us the opportunity to occupy her islands in the Aegean Sea, we only managed to send a scratch force comprising the equivalent of two brigades

(5,000 men) to secure them—and it was ejected by an even smaller German force.

It has been said that, under modern conditions, we require ten men behind to put one fighting man into action. This is an understatement. *We* employed a far higher proportion in such auxiliary duties. Indeed, if we also reckon the men so employed within the division itself, the figure was nearer forty to one. But the Germans did not find it necessary to have anything like such a gigantic tail. Nor should we, if we tackled the problem with a clear sense of the absurdity of such a ratio.

The swelling of the hindquarters starts in the headquarters. What is called the "chain of command" has become so elaborate that it absorbs much of the Army's strength and fetters its mobility.

Every additional link in the chain—or step in the ladder—carries a quadrupled drawback. It causes loss of time, both in getting information back and sending orders forward; it weakens the higher commander's power, both by making his impression of the situation more remote and by diminishing his personal impulse on the executives. For these reasons Clausewitz laid down the principle that every commander ought to control four to five subordinate commanders as a minimum.

We still observed that principle in the first World War. In the "advance to victory" in 1918, Haig's H.Q. controlled five armies, while the Australian Corps under Monash, which played an outstanding role, at times handled as many as seven divisions.

Too Many Headquarters

By contrast, in the 1944 advance, Montgomery's H.Q. controlled only two armies, which in turn had only two and three corps respectively, and the corps operated only two to three divisions—sometimes, even, only one. The ratio was no more economic in the American Army until a late stage. On top of both was Eisenhower's H.Q.—reputedly comprising some 30,000 officers and men.

The abundance of headquarters may have been one reason why the "advance to victory" was more protracted than in 1918, despite more mobile instruments and more exhausted opponents. Montgomery himself was apt to quicken things up by taking short cuts down the chain, but that sensible course emphasized the excessive number of links.

The command set-up in the Mediterranean was even more overloaded. Thus for the invasion of Sicily there were three Corps H.Q. to handle a mere seven divisions, with two Army H.Q. on top of them, Alexander's H.Q. above these, and Eisenhower's H.Q. above that.

In Burma, at the start of the 1944 campaign, an even smaller force had two Corps H.Q., and above these successively an Army H.Q., a Land Forces H.Q., and a Supreme H.Q. The highest but one of these swelled to about 7,000 officers and men.

"I believe they forget to bring the ladder on purpose . . ."

Nothing more cumbersome could be conceived than such absurdly long and narrow chains of command. We ought to revive the principle that every headquarters should handle at least four or five subordinate ones—and carry it right down the scale. We could cut out Corps H.Q.—as the Russians did—and eliminate brigades by organizing more handy-sized divisions. It would save a lot of manpower while improving operational efficiency.

It is easy to show this by comparison with the human hand. If it had only two fingers it would be far less flexible in handling things than it is. In the last war command often became a one-finger exercise instead of a five-finger exercise. As a further handicap, too many different people "had a finger in the pie" of any operational decision.

To put it another way, a well-designed system of command should broaden out from the apex like a pyramid. Ours has become like a tapering mast—and carries too much top hamper. Much could be gained by reducing the number of intermediate headquarters, and the size of those that remain.

The real obstacle will be the vested interests that would suffer from such a simplification—for a top-heavy staff, though bad for efficiency, is good for promotion.

There is plenty of scope, too, for saving manpower in the overgrown auxiliary branches of the Army, and even among the fighting elements. The streamlining that can be achieved under an overriding compulsion was shown in the much-reduced establishment of the airborne divisions compared with the ordinary divisions. Yet they proved more formidable than any despite their lighter scale.

Ways to Economize

This brings us to a further suggestion. We might find both profit and economy of manpower in an increasing substitution of airborne divisions for ordinary infantry divisions in our postwar organization. They have more tactical mobility, and far more strategic mobility. Their value as a quickly switchable reserve could be developed by organizing a series of regional supply centres, from which they could draw their heavier equipment.

For the local garrisons in our overseas territories, increased use could be made of locally recruited native troops—following the policy which Hore-Belisha formulated in 1938. It is ironical that, since the war, we have been reducing these Colonial forces much faster than we have our own troops, despite our grave shortage of men for industry. It is equally short-sighted to neglect the easy opportunity that now exists for raising a British Foreign Legion from the reservoir of trained soldiers still among us as refugees from Europe.

Another way to economy lies in the Dominions taking a fairer share of the common burden—and they show a growing awareness of the case for it. It would be reasonable, for example, that Australian and New Zealand Forces should contribute to the defence of our outposts in the Far East, since the security of these so closely affects their own.

A combination of the measures I have listed would produce a great economy of force, saving the men we need for industry while providing an army of more real value.

In this way we might also avoid the many drawbacks involved by conscription—which is becoming less and less suited to meet the risks of a modern surprise attack. The democracies which entrusted their defence to that system collapsed like ninepins. It is even more unsuitable to meet our current defence problems, which lie primarily overseas.

Peacetime conscription may merely spoil our chances of recruiting an adequate professional army, for there is evidence from Continental attempts to mix the two that it saps the vitality of the voluntary system.

With my feet up ★ *by Ian Fox*

Cosy Corner

"GOOD EVENING, Miss Glider; so glad you could come. My name's James Buddle—I'm running your broadcast.

"We're going to record it for you and it will be on the air next Friday in our informal feature, *On the Tiles Last Night*.

"Come and meet our band leader, Victor Diddenbit.

"Mr. Diddenbit, I want you to meet Miss Glynda Glider—of course you saw her film, *No-good Girl*.

"And I don't think, Miss Glider, you've met Anthony Tiddlemarsh, who is to interview you. Mr. Tiddlemarsh—Miss Glider.

"This broadcast is, of course, to be strictly spontaneous and unprepared. I've got the script here. It has been passed by the higher-ups, so that's O.K.

"You'll see, Miss Glider, that it ends with your singing 'I Love a Loving Lover.' One verse and the chorus twice. Now, if you'll glance through the script, we'll start recording. . . ."

★ ★ ★

"That's that! Thanks, Miss Glider, you were fine. I'll get the recording played back to you. . . . Here we go."

"And now, listeners, who do you think I ran into in the street just now? That well-known film star, Miss Glynda Glider!

"Luckily I persuaded her to drop in—well, ha-ha, *'drop'* in is hardly the word because she is as light as a feather, ha-ha-ha, aren't you, Glynda?"

"Now you're flattering me, Jimmy."

"Not flattery, ha-ha, just truth, Glynda, ha-ha! But here's Tony Tiddlemarsh dying to have a word with you."

"Hello, Tony. I haven't seen you for ages."

"Hello, Glynnie. By the way, what was the title of your last film?"

"*No-good Girl*, Tony."

"*No-good Girl*, eh? And, ha-ha, I always thought, ha-ha-ha, you were a *good* girl, Glynnie, ha-ha-ha!"

"Now you're being naughty, Tony."

"Well, Glynnie, I've always wanted to have a song sung specially for me. I wonder if you could sing that song you made so famous. Let me see, what was it called?"

"Do you mean 'I Love a Loving Lover,' Tony?"

"That's it! I wonder if Vic here remembers it?"

"Sure I do, Tony. And my boys are pretty good at playing from memory. Ready, Glynda? O.K., boys."

ON THE TRAIL OF TOMORROW (18)—BIRMINGHAM

The "factory in the park." After fifty years Bournville still holds a moral

THE BOSS HAD AN IDEA

by GORDON BECKLES

Prosperity makes Birmingham a good place to work in. If it learns a lesson from the model village on its doorstep, it may also become a good place to live in

THEY USED TO WARN strangers that conditions in France were likely to be twice as good as they looked on the surface—while things in Germany, for example, were usually twice as bad. I suppose that Birmingham, in this sense, is something of a French city.

For the more you see of this outwardly shabby place, the harder is it to credit that Birmingham is now a "boom town," despite recent crises.

This really is a most contradictory and elusive city. There is nothing you can fix in the mind's eye—no distinctive street, no memorable square, no particular centre.

You become convinced that Birmingham must be the Cinderella of Britain's cities, enriching sister cities throughout the world with the fine things she makes, yet neglecting her own hearth.

And then you move about, and are told for the tenth time (usually as if it were something disgraceful, to be mentioned with a wry grin) that it is indeed a "boom town," and you see the packed restaurants and queues, and hear that the hotels are booked up three weeks ahead, and you feel that if Birmingham is a Cinderella, then she is doing herself pretty well among her cinders.

A century ago they used to call Birmingham "the toyshop of Europe." Then they started calling it "the Factory of the World."

Well, a business man here tells me that, despite the big combines everywhere, Birmingham still has some ten thousand manufacturing businesses employing an average of fewer than twenty workers. Everywhere you hear stories of the variety of manufactures here. Of things like farm cultivators of a new type being hurried to Denmark and South America; and (a bit of a local joke) a consignment of footballs to Moscow!

The result of all this is that before the coal crisis Birmingham had virtually no unemployed.

So much for one side of this split-minded Birmingham in May, 1947; but if you want to guess what the future holds, you must go deeper down below the surface. This midlands metropolis—it covers some 200 square miles altogether—has grave problems to be solved.

Before the war it had roughly 300,000 houses. The blitz took a toll of about 10,000. Slums needing to be cleared and back-to-back houses listed for demolition total about 50,000. Add the normal demand and it works out that Birmingham needs about 100,000 new houses for its workers.

There are five re-development schemes dealing with 32,000 houses—of which no fewer than 25,000 have been condemned as unfit for habitation. And there are 4,000 without proper water supply and 18,000 without separate lavatories.

Key-men Stay Away

The official figure for the "housing drive" up to January 31, 1947, put the completed houses at 3,472. But permanent houses are going up at the rate of only about eighty a month.

Can they build houses faster?

"We may have a million people here," one of the housing people told me, "but all we can get for building is an average of 1,500 workers!"

One immediate penalty that Birmingham has to pay for this alarming shortage is that some employers are finding it difficult to get the right type of key-men. One employer says that a man turned down a £2,000-a-year job because he could not find him a proper house.

So much for the gloomy side of Birmingham's present, relieved as it is by the vigour of its housing plans and their visionary nature. Fortunately the visions do not stop here. Last autumn Labour managed to get a small majority on the Council, and the new Lord Mayor—Alderman A. F. Bradbeer—is admirably frank in admitting his city's deficiencies.

"We need a new library, we need hotels," says the mayor. "We need exhibition halls, we need theatres, we need a new art gallery, we need community centres, we need dance halls. . . ."

In fact, Birmingham, in the past, has allowed itself to be neglected in a social, cultural and communal sense. Yet strangely enough it was here—right on Birmingham's doorstep—that half a century ago the whole world was given an object lesson in these essential factors in the art of living.

The story starts in 1824 when a certain John Cadbury opened as a tea and coffee dealer, specializing in "cocoa nobs as prepared by himself." By 1878 the family business was a prosperous affair, with its factory in the heart of blackening Birmingham. One day George Cadbury said: "If the country is a good place to play in—it ought to be a good place to work in."

This was the start of the great Bournville experiment which was to influence profoundly factory conditions, community centres, housing estates, "garden city architecture," relations between worker and employer, and the proper balance between work and play—and might still profitably do so in certain directions today.

The Cadburys bought fourteen acres outside the city and started to build a new factory, keeping as many of the trees as possible and turning the greensward into lawns. Shortly afterwards they bought an adjacent country estate for women workers to play in, and a similar park for the men.

Some fifteen years later George had the idea of housing workers on a model estate. He had one of the world's model factories; he wanted the world's model village.

And he got it—Bournville Village.

"What Mr. George Cadbury said in effect," I was told, "is that no worker wants the boss's eye on him when he goes home at night. So Bournville was not just for workers in his factory. It was a 'mixed-income' village for anyone who wanted to pay the rent. It's no good, said Mr. Cadbury, having a home that is just an extension of a factory that you work in."

And so today, this first of the garden cities has only about fifty per cent of its houses occupied by Cadbury workers, and has become a separate Trust.

They Enlisted Beauty

The point of all this is that the Cadburys enlisted *beauty* in their business. They found it paid—it paid them, and it paid their workers. There are many spacious, happy-looking factories like this one nowadays (not *too* many!) all over the country. Indeed, its influence has been world-wide. The puzzling thing is why its influence has not been greater in Birmingham itself, unless you explain this away by saying that a prophet is without honour in his own country.

I heard a businessman say: "Oh, I like Birmingham; it's a fine place; why, in half an hour you can get right out into the Shakespeare country!"

That, I contend, is *not* the way to build a city of which every citizen can be proud.

Birmingham, with its rich traditions of honest and fine craftsmanship, deserves a fine city. "Housing estates" are not enough.

Yet, when they had the last municipal elections more than sixty per cent of the citizens did not bother to vote.

What is the future of this metropolis, which seems to have caught from London the dread civic disease of growing too big to handle?

I should say—after talking to the people in whose hands the future lies here—that if some of the vitality and ingenuity that have made Birmingham's factories famous could be spared, then the Birmingham of tomorrow may turn out a city which it will be a pleasure to look at and live in.

Next article: LEEDS.

as I was saying . . .

FELLOW-FEELING

by Herbert Hodge

I SOMETIMES THINK the one sure thing about writing this column is that, so long as I go on doing it, I shall never suffer from too much self-esteem. I shall never be in any danger of mistaking myself for one of Nature's noblemen.

I'm allowed to get away with a great deal on this page. I can admit almost every weakness known to Man. I can accuse myself of greed, laziness, ignorance, apathy, cowardice, bad temper and almost any sin I may take a fancy to —and no one will object. Readers will write in complimenting me on my candour.

It all goes to show, they write (or imply), that I'm just the muddling sort of chap they thought I was.

But let me so much as hint at feeling anything a Sunday school superintendent might call "good" or "moral"—and someone is sure to tell me I'm a hypocrite.

The other week, for instance, I admitted to feeling a bit guilty when I was living on the fat of the land in the United States and thought of the people here at home trying to make do on their rations. But I'm not allowed to get away with anything like that.

"Absolute twaddle, Herbert!" cries a voice from Yorkshire. "We expect other writers to dish out that sort of platitude, but not you. Surely this is not the old Hodge speaking!"

Well, I'm sorry to disappoint a chap who says he's always respected me up to now, but I can only repeat that I did feel a bit guilty when I thought of the people back home—though, of course, that didn't prevent me from eating what I could while I'd got the chance. My higher self seldom forgets how much it owes to a contented stomach.

But the feeling was always there, lurking in the background; waiting to take hold of me whenever I sat back and relaxed in the solitude of my hotel room.

Most of Us Have It

I believe it was the kind of feeling described in the old song:

I want to be happy,
But I can't be happy
Till I've made you happy, too.

I think it's a fairly common feeling—one of the most important of all our common feelings. And that's why I can't leave the subject alone so long as I know there's even one person who thinks it's twaddle.

I suppose the reason some people call it twaddle is that they associate this sort of feeling with a "goody-goody" religious feeling; and as they no longer believe in the old religious dogmas (with their virgin births and similar supernatural happenings) they have ceased to believe in the old religious picture of human feelings.

But that, of course, is throwing out the baby with the bathwater. Fashions in religious and scientific theories are constantly changing, like fashions in clothes. Each new theory may put a smart new name on an old human feeling, but it does little more than that. Adam and Eve may look a little different in their latest suit of scientific reach-me-downs from the way they looked when dressed in the ancient fig leaf—but they're still the same old Adam and Eve.

As for this feeling I'm talking about—I don't think it matters much what you call it. You may prefer the old religious fashion and call it "loving one's neighbour." Or you may follow the newer fashion and call it "having a social conscience." Or you may go all materialist and refer to it (a little contemptuously, perhaps) as the "herd instinct." But it's the same old feeling.

You may not believe the legend of St. Martin tearing his cloak in two so as to put one half round the shivering shoulders of a beggar he met. I suppose in a thousand years' time some people will find it difficult to believe a quaint old tale of a certain St. Thomas Atkins, who shared his haversack ration with a German he met during the pre-atomic war.

But whether anyone believes these quaint old tales or not, I'm certain the feeling that inspired them will still exist—so long as there are two human beings left alive.

Willingness to Share

I don't think my Yorkshire correspondent would disagree with me thus far. He says he'd willingly share what he had with any starving old lady he might meet at a coffee-stall. But he can't believe that I could have a similar feeling about the people of a whole country.

Well, it takes one man one way, I suppose, and another man another. As a London cabman, I should feel rather sceptical about any woman I saw parading her starvation round a coffee-stall. The old lady who is really starving is far more likely to be hiding her poverty behind the closed door of a genteel bed-sitting room.

Anyway, there's surely no real difference between what I felt in the States about the people back home and what my Yorkshire correspondent would feel for his one old lady. My own feeling seems to be rather more spread out—that's all.

The reason I keep harping on this feeling is that I think it's one of the few powerful factors in the making of a better world that is completely under the control of the ordinary man.

Politically, the ordinary man is still rather helpless. If the diplomats of the United Nations make a mess of things, neither you nor I can do much about it. But I've had so many political disappointments in my time that I don't let that prospect worry me overmuch.

I agree with the chap who said the next war will be fought with atom bombs, and the war after the next with bows and arrows. Like him, I'm an optimist. I believe there will be a few survivors to use those bows and arrows. I believe the human race will still go on—whatever happens to our present so-called civilization.

And so I prefer to put most of my faith in the factor which *is* under my control—my feeling toward my neighbour. It seems to me that this feeling can be developed and strengthened, like any other human feeling, until, in time, it is strong enough to cover the world.

I don't care whether you call it loving-kindness, sympathetic imagination, a social conscience or the herd instinct. But don't call it twaddle, because it certainly isn't that. It's as real and living as the handclasp of a friend.

TALKING POINTS ABOUT Telephones

THERE ARE WELL OVER 4,000,000 telephones in Great Britain, and more than 2,200,000 subscribers are listed in the directories—there will probably be 3,000,000 by the end of this year. Exchanges now number 6,000, of which 3,600 are automatic. Only 1,600 were automatic in 1935; and in 1921, only 16. Our telephone bill totals £60,000,000 a year.

★ ★ ★

Alexander Graham Bell, a Scottish doctor, who, like his father and grandfather before him, was a student of "vocal physiology," invented the telephone in 1875, shortly after emigrating to Ontario. Having fallen in love with a deaf girl, he was seeking some electrical means of enabling the deaf to hear.

★ ★ ★

In 1877, a telephone was set up in the steeple of Bow Church, London. Passers-by paid a penny to say "Good morning" to the man at the top. But the instrument was still considered a toy. One of Bell's friends, offered a half share in the invention for £10, declined it.

★ ★ ★

In the eighties, Messrs. Tasker of Sheffield (who had put in exchanges at Windsor and Balmoral for Queen Victoria) had a long fight with the National Telephone Company. "If you dug a hole for a post, you dared not leave it overnight, or your rivals would have one of their posts in it by morning," it was said. Legal battles over "wayleaves" (rights of way) for wires were frequent.

★ ★ ★

By 1912 the General Post Office had taken over the entire telephone system of Great Britain with the exception of Hull and the Channel Islands. Hull still has its own telephone service, set up in 1904 by Brown, Larard and Thornton-Varley—booksellers, jewellers and ladies' outfitters. The system makes an annual profit of £30,000. Business subscribers pay £12 a year for all the calls they wish, private subscribers, £6 10s. The call-box fee is one penny.

★ ★ ★

The G.P.O. undertakes to install an exchange in any area where it has the promise of eight subscribers within a two-mile radius. Some 72,000 new telephones are installed every month in Great Britain, and there is a waiting list of 300,000.

★ ★ ★

The London directory will soon be published in four volumes, so unwieldy has it grown. Mr. Aab, for some years the first private entry, no longer appears in it. The last entry in the New York telephone book is Mr. Zzyz.

★ ★ ★

To talk to America from Britain costs £2 5s. for three minutes, but sun spots still cause bad fading. When, during the war, Churchill and Roosevelt talked by radio-telephone, their words were "scrambled" (i.e. distorted for any outside listener) but, unfortunately, the German radio men "unscrambled" the conversations.

★ ★ ★

You can now telephone any liner round the coasts of Great Britain, and many trawlers as well. Ship-to-plane conversations may soon be possible for the ordinary traveller. Recently the Assistant Postmaster-General, W. A. Burke, rang up his London home *while in a moving car in the streets of Washington*. Two-way communication between moving car and office may soon be a standard service in the U.S.A.

★ ★ ★

In Switzerland, the Ipsophone, a recent invention, records a phone message in the subscriber's absence. If he rings up his home, giving the right code number, the messages are automatically played back to him. The device costs £10 a month.

★ ★ ★

Marriage by telephone across the Atlantic (average cost about £20) has been fairly frequent of late. No court has yet decided whether the ceremony is valid if atmospherics interfere. One bride said, "I couldn't hear what they were saying, but I said yes to everything just to make sure!"

COMMANDER OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR

by AAGE V. HOVMAND

ILLUSTRATED BY ARNE UNGERMANN

Here's a Danish story about an encounter with a madman at the top of a 300-foot steeple—specially illustrated for John Bull by a distinguished Copenhagen artist

THERE IS ONE THING that visitors to Copenhagen, the city of copper roofs and spires in the land of Hans Andersen and his fairy tales seldom forget. It is the thrill of climbing round and round that slippery winding copper stairway *outside* the spire of Our Saviour's Church, with only the laciest of railings to keep them from slipping over the edge into the world below.

I climbed up there once. I stood gasping under the golden ball, clinging to the gilt railings and gazing at the human ants and wee toylike cars that crept along far down below in Princessegade.

He stood beside me. I must say I had not noticed anything unusual about him, I was hardly conscious of him. We were both taken up with the view and, as we stood there, had exchanged a few commonplace remarks about how small everything looked, how good the visibility was, and the sort of thing one does say to a stranger one happens to meet in such an out-of-the-way place as the top of a tower, and whom one would never dream of speaking to in the street.

Two pigeons flapped clumsily past us in order to perch on the "cock,"

"Look! The eagles!" exclaimed the stranger eagerly.

"Eagles? They're pigeons." I rejoined.

He shook his head forbearingly as if he knew better.

"My eagles," said he with unction, "shall fly from tower to tower until they reach Notre Dame!"

"Oh, indeed!" replied I. "Perhaps you are a pigeon fancier?"

He looked disapprovingly at me and I immediately regretted what I had said. I realized that this was not the place to try to be funny.

Only then did I notice there was something peculiar in his expression. His clothes, too, were unusual. His soft, black hat, which had not struck me whilst we were standing side-by-side, was cocked cross-wise; a lock of hair was combed down over his forehead. He was not very tall and his grey jacket hung open. He had stuck one hand in between the buttons of his waistcoat. There was something majestic about his bearing as he stood there gazing over the housetops, deep in thought.

"I ought never to have done it!" he exclaimed suddenly.

"Done what?" I asked in astonishment.

"The blockade. That's what roused England's ire and made her take revenge. Yes, indeed, when I think of our grand fleet which Nelson destroyed at Trafalgar. Nelson. . . ."

HIS face assumed a threatening expression, causing me to move backwards, farther up the stairs, for he stood below me.

He followed.

"Nelson," he hissed. "If I had him here! The thief . . . the scoundrel . . . wouldn't I just——"

The situation was unpleasant. I must try to calm him.

"Yes, yes . . . but it's no good, get . . . don't . . . get . . . excited," I stammered.

He dropped his hand.

"No, that's true," he sighed, "I can't be everywhere at once. The army . . . that grand army . . . my brave grenadiers . . . Austerlitz . . . Jena . . . Wagram . . . how hard they had to work . . . the battle . . . the tension, mind you . . . and Spain! What good do you think she was?"

"Er . . . r . . . ."

"None, I tell you, none. Such an ally ought to——"

He began to get worked up again. I retreated farther up along the railings. He came after me. We had now nearly reached the "ball" where the spiral path ends. It was quite narrow. I saw that it would be quite impossible to slip past him.

"An ally like that," he scolded, "ought to be punished . . . ought to . . . to be shot . . . like the Duke of Enghien!"

In his excitement he had grabbed hold of my coat collar and was shaking me.

Suddenly the clock began to strike.

He let go and stood still.

"Listen!" he exclaimed, enraptured. "Listen! The bells of the Kremlin!" He lifted his gaze heavenward. "Look at the glow in the sky. See it? Moscow is burning! Moscow, the great holy city! Not a stone will remain! The horses! Save the horses! They are stabled in the cathedral! The horses, the horses!" he shouted, growing more and more excited.

"All right, all right," I said, trying to quiet him. "I'm going now, I'm going to save the horses."

I tried to slip past him and down the spiral.

"No!" he commanded, barring my way. "Not that way! No one goes behind my back. No one!"

He held fast to the railings and stared into space.

"My Grenadier Guards are dead," he moaned, "dead . . . frozen to death . . . lying . . . stiff by the wayside along the interminable Russian roads . . . hungry . . . cold . . . terrible . . . ter . . . rible!"

THE man's voice had sunk to a whisper. Painful memories overcame him. For a few moments he stood silent, deep in thought. Then suddenly he broke into a repulsive laugh.

"Blucher . . . ha, ha, ha, . . . Blucher at the battle of Ligny . . . I shan't forget that! Saw it with my own eyes through my field glasses! When he was informed that I was approaching he got so frightened that he couldn't mount his horse quickly enough. His servant gave him a leg up but Blucher was in such a hurry to be off that . . . plonk . . . he fell off . . . on the other side. Ha, ha, ha! It was priceless! I must see it again! Come here! Give me your foot!"

He bent down and grabbed hold of my left foot. Undoubtedly it was his intention to lift me up and tip me over the railings.

For one frightening moment I looked down. There in the street, three hundred feet below, a tram had stopped. People were getting down and walking over to the pavement. They had no idea . . .! I wanted to call for help but my tongue would not obey. In any case no one would be able to hear me. I clung with all my might to the cold railings. He did not let go of my foot but still tried hard to lift me up.

"Now then, come along! Up! Up in the saddle! I insist! I want to see it again!" he shouted. "Oh, the brave days . . .!"

In my mind every signal stood at danger. What on earth could I do or say to deter him?

"Sire!" I called. "The horse . . . ."

He started. It was obvious that he felt flattered at being addressed with due respect. "Someone with manners at last," I could see him thinking.

"Sire!" I stammered. "Be merciful! The horse . . . the horse is old and tired after the long march! Let it go. . . . Give me another . . . another horse!"

He let go of me. He frowned and seemed to ponder deeply.

"Kneel down!" he suddenly commanded.

I obeyed. It was obviously less dangerous than standing up against the railings.

Ceremoniously he laid his hand on my head.

"I hereby create you Commander of

His face assumed a threatening expression, causing me to move backwards up the stairs

the Legion of Honour . . . with the right to——" He was interrupted by a shout from below — an angry, authoritative woman's voice:

"Are you up there? Just you come down . . . at once!"

There was a striking change in his demeanour. Every trace of pride and majesty vanished. He became quite an ordinary little man in a grey coat.

"Yes, Josephine, I'm coming, I'm just coming," he answered meekly.

Then he took himself off, crestfallen, down the spiral slope.

Perplexed, I remained standing by the railings. My heart was beating violently. I tried to collect my thoughts. The tram down below had begun to move on. Had all that happened just while the tram stood still? To me it had seemed an eternity.

But what ought I to do now? Wouldn't it be wrong of me if I let such a man get away? What a lot of harm he might do! The next person he met might not be so lucky as I was.

Then all at once I heard footsteps below. I pulled myself together. Could it be . . .? Yes, it was! He had returned. I felt as if my scalp had contracted. A shudder ran down my spine. He was approaching me. With a pinched expression on his face, he climbed slowly up the winding verdigris-coloured steps. Was he going to begin his mad attempt all over again?

THEN he reached me. He wanted to say something. Terror-struck I stared at his lips. Was I going to hear my own doom? I felt faint in the presence of this madman. My life was in his hands. I clung to the railings as if convulsed. And then he spoke:

"I forgot my hat," he said quietly.

He bent down and picked up the hat that had been lying on the steps.

And then he went away.

Gradually I came to myself again. He must be put out of harm's way before he got the chance to do more. But how was I to get help?

I began to descend the four hundred steps, slowly and cautiously, on the look-out all the time. We had seen enough of each other for the present, more than I cared for, and I did not want to catch up with him.

Eventually I reached the ancient watchroom under the open "lantern" where the bells hung. In that little room where the carillon keyboard now stood, my eyes caught sight of a telephone. I grabbed the receiver.

"Hullo! Please send an ambulance and two strong men at once to Our Saviour's Church, there's a madman up in the tower."

I continued my descent. Two hundred and ten more steps before I should be safely down. I crept on. There was no one to be seen or heard on the stairs. The two of them must be a good way on ahead. I passed by the works of the old clock. It was ticking sedately as if nothing had happened. I went down one narrow flight after another. Through the loopholes in the wall of the tower I saw that the roofs were coming nearer. Through the large, leaded window panes on the landing where the clock itself was, I could see the drive up to the church door.

Just then the ambulance drove up. Two bearers and a policeman emerged. I hurried down the remaining stairs.

On the last landing I happened to touch my waistcoat pocket. My watch was not there!

My valuable watch! The one Uncle Jonas had given me! He would never forgive me. I was beside myself. I raced down the last flight.

"My watch!" I shouted. "Napoleon . . . Napoleon has taken my watch . . . my valuable watch!"

"Yes, yes, it's all right! Just keep calm and stop shouting!" said the bearers seizing hold of me. Each took an arm. Gently but firmly, they lead me off, the policeman pushing behind.

I was furious. I sprawled and kicked.

"Let me go," I roared, "it's not me you were sent for. My watch . . . my gold watch . . . the scoundrel . . . of course it was when he wanted to lift me on to the horse . . . that's when he took it."

"Come, come, sir, just take things calmly now!" The policeman endeavoured to pacify me. "Take hold of his legs . . . that's it!"

An interested crowd had collected by the ambulance. "He's stark crazy," one of the spectators assured them.

The strong men worked hard to get me into the vehicle. I sprawled and kicked.

"It's all a mistake," I shouted, "it's not me at all you were——"

"Oh, weren't we? We've heard that tale before," remarked the policeman drily. "Throw a rug over his head so that we don't have to listen to him."

The last thing I remember seeing was a little man in a grey coat, with a big, heavy woman on his arm, disappearing round the corner of Dronningsgade.

Then everything was dark before my eyes. I was laid on the stretcher. A heavy man sat down on me. A door banged to. We were off.

Unless you yourself have tried it, you have no idea what a wonderfully calming effect it has on one to be rolled up in a rug and put in press, as it were. I soon felt quite calm and subdued.

Certainly I could not help being a little disappointed that a man who had just been created Commander of the Legion of Honour should be treated in such a manner, but I felt convinced that as soon as we arrived at the mental ward, and I had seen the doctor, the mistake would be cleared up and I would be discharged.

BUT it's not so easy as you would imagine to convince a man who doesn't know you that you are in your right mind, specially when you've just been through an upsetting experience and are worried because you know that the wife's been waiting over an hour with the dinner and you'd promised to be home punctually.

I wanted to hurry up and explain to the doctor that I was "all there."

But that very fact made him suspicious. It was like when a man who has been drinking begins assuring you that he is not drunk; then you know everything's not as it should be.

To begin with the doctor was very kind and listened sympathetically. I thought he ought to hear the whole explanation. I told him about the strange encounter on the spiral, about Nelson at Trafalgar, Austerlitz, the horses in the cathedral.

The doctor grew more and more pensive. I went on to tell him of the incident with Blucher and his horse.

"Umph!" grunted the doctor.

I complained about my watch, my valuable hunter, disappearing. That Napoleon must have taken it. Whatever would Uncle Jonas say? It was dreadful. I grew excited again. He would disinherit me. I must go to the police . . . at once.

The doctor surveyed me doubtfully. Perhaps he did not think that I looked as if I'd ever owned a gold hunter.

"And then," concluded I, "I was made Commander of the Legion of Honour."

"Of what?"

"Of the Legion of Honour."

"Hm!" said the doctor, "a peculiar case! Paranoia Minor . . . though not incurable! Unfortunately we are very short of room; perhaps your wife could look after you?"

"My wife! Yes, of course!"

Why hadn't I thought of that long ago? I suggested ringing home to my wife. She could vouch for me.

The doctor agreed at once and I phoned up.

As soon as I'd said "Hullo" and recognized her voice, I handed the receiver to the doctor so that he could ask her what questions he liked. But he got no chance to say a word. His face took on an expression of discomfort, bewilderment. My wife must have said something or other. Anyway, she'd had to keep the dinner waiting over an hour and she's no joke when she's put about.

FINALLY he replaced the receiver. When he'd found his tongue again he said: "Your wife gives me the impression of being perfectly capable of keeping a strong hand over you. You may go home."

The bearers again took charge of me and I was driven home in the ambulance.

I would rather have gone to the police station about my watch and I did not like arriving home in that style . . . because of the neighbours. But it was no good protesting. My keepers warned me not to make any more fuss. They had had their orders.

They handed me over to my wife with injunctions to look after me well. If the symptoms should break out again she had only to phone!

While they were talking, I strolled into the bedroom to brush my hair and there the first thing that caught my eye was my everyday suit hanging from a coat hanger.

In the waistcoat pocket . . . the watch!

I had merely forgotten to put it into my Sunday suit which I was now wearing.

Napoleon has been blamed for much, much too much.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Nice Work!

SOMEONE once defined work as "doing something we don't like." I can't think of a more foolish definition.

Work is not hard labour—or at least it shouldn't be. If it is, it's our own fault, and our whole attitude towards it needs readjusting. If we think of our work as a sentence of penal servitude there is something very badly wrong—with us.

I don't believe that there is any happiness to be found in idleness. Mankind must be busy to be happy. We must be doing something. We must have our minds and our bodies occupied.

Idleness is a disease, not a pleasure, and there are few more "wasting" diseases. The man who has nothing to do is as good as dead.

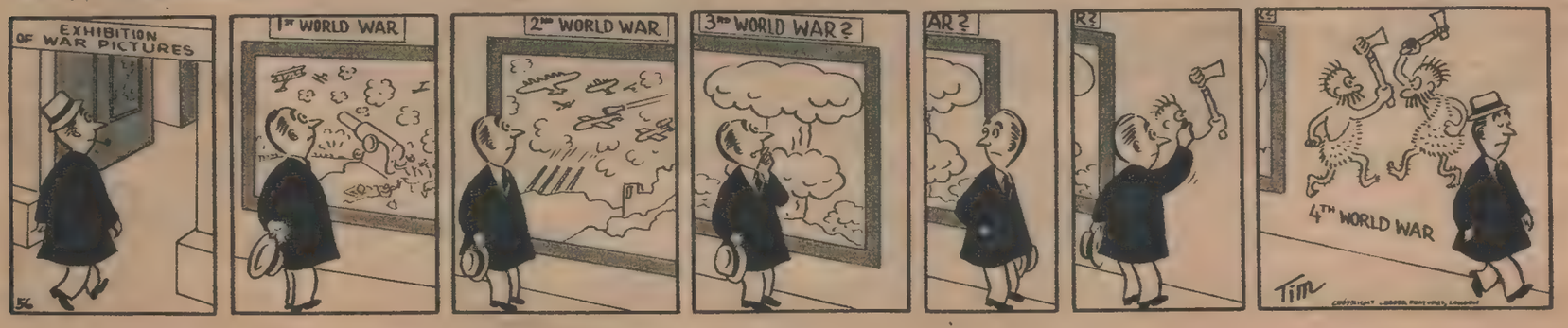
If you go to your work every morning with a feeling of resentment, it's not surprising that you find yourself doing "something you don't like."

If, on the other hand, you go to work each day keen to do your job well, to get the utmost interest out of it, to satisfy not only your boss but yourself, then indeed you're a queer fish if you don't extract genuine pleasure out of it.

There's an astonishing lot of nonsense being said these days about "incentive." What better spur could there possibly be than a craftsman's pride in his work?

OH, JOHNNY!

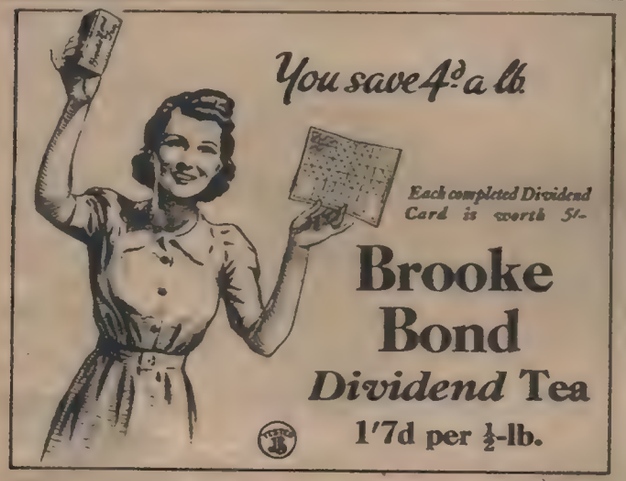
by TIM



Which one lives at the Persil house?

Everyone knows that Persil washes whiter. But Persil brings brightness to whatever is washed in its gentle suds—so kind and cleansing for coloured things, so safe for your precious woollens, hand-knits, silks and rayons. All come from the Persil wash in new, exciting loveliness.

PERSIL WASHES WHITER



Every time you use your Halex toothbrush a regiment of keen, pliant nylon tufts springs into action. With every stroke you make, the lively points go searching in and out of all the nooks and crannies—cleaning and polishing up your teeth.

HALEX *for a nice clean mouth*

D2

Miss Avril Angers, the original of the famous Evan Williams poster.

Follow the example of Avril Angers, the popular Stage and Radio Star, and use the shampoo that keeps her hair so naturally beautiful.

EVAN WILLIAMS
Shampoo

'ORDINARY' FOR DARK HAIR
'CAMOMILE' FOR FAIR HAIR

Inc. 6d. Tax

but I've got a tin of NESCAFÉ

It's a cert you'll enjoy a grand cup of coffee when you get Nescafé—Nestlé's soluble coffee product. Hard to get, easy to make—but you'll come across a tin in due course!

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

27

Whose House is this?

In another half minute, John and Elizabeth will be seated in those two chairs, relaxing at last after a strenuous day.

It is in this room, in the evening, that they like to sit back, talking, thinking, dreaming, as they take slow sips of their Horlicks. What a comfort Horlicks is at the end of the day! What a blessed assurance of sound sleep to-night and renewed vitality tomorrow!

Horlicks is still not plentiful, but the shops are sharing out what they have as fairly as possible.

HORLICKS

watch your children's teeth

Let's start them on the right road. Give them each their own compact of Odol Dentifrice. Its flavour is so nice they will use it regularly. Aluminium Case 9d. Large size with handsome plastic base 1/3 (both prices include Purchase Tax.)

Odol

Makes teeth like pearls

SOLID DENTIFRICE

THIS ACTUALLY HAPPENED

She fell headlong among decorator's pails, cut forehead, bruised nose and face so badly that neighbours rushed in to help. But she started treatment every two hours with T.C.P. and within two days bruises had practically vanished, and cut had nearly healed. (*Original letter on files at T.C.P. Laboratories*).

T.C.P. *Regd.*

So much more than just an antiseptic, T.C.P. can be used for the treatment of 44 everyday ailments and hurts. Wouldn't you find a bottle a real standby in your home?

Constipation—that's why she DOESN'T feel so GOOD

Constipation may not always justify the worry and anxiety it causes—but it can give rise to quite a number of everyday ills and ailments. So get some Beecham's Pills today—and be on the safe, healthy side! They are purely vegetable and perfectly reliable.

1/4 & 3/3 per box, including Purchase Tax. Also obtainable in Pennyworths.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

Beecham's Pills

RKO's PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH

SMILES GALORE. MYRNA LOY, FREDRIC MARCH, DANA ANDREWS and TERESA WRIGHT make a happy foursome in Samuel Goldwyn's "*The Best Years of Our Lives*". Winner of nine Academy Awards, "*The Best Years of Our Lives*" also includes in its cast VIRGINIA MAYO and HOAGY CARMICHAEL.

TOGETHER AGAIN— JIMMY STEWART and FRANK CAPRA. JIMMY STEWART and DONNA REED are concerned in an appealing romance in Frank Capra's production "*It's a Wonderful Life*". The cast also includes LIONEL BARRYMORE, THOMAS MITCHELL and many more favourite stars.

SHE'S "THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER". LORETTA YOUNG (a lovely farmerette) and JOSEPH COTTEN (a confirmed bachelor) in a scene from RKO's fine new picture of that name. A Dore Schary production, "*The Farmer's Daughter*" also features ETHEL BARRYMORE and CHARLES BICKFORD.

SEE THESE RKO HITS AT YOUR FAVOURITE CINEMA

RKO RADIO

For close-up charm
Attractive teeth are the secret of a charming smile. If you value your personal appearance, use Kolynos twice a day. Kolynos, the protective tooth paste, penetrating where the brush cannot reach, keeps your teeth sparkling-white.
From all Chemists & Stores.
KOLYNOS
Dental Cream

FREE SPEECH

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One Guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

MAKE IT A REAL CHANGE

EVERYBODY AGREES that a holiday should be a complete change, but very few of us act on that principle. Townspeople, especially in the north, go away to seaside towns instead of into the country, so that they get about as much change as a bus driver who works on another route for a week.

Now is the time to make plans for a real change this year. May I suggest:

All mothers with young children should leave them at home with neighbours. In turn, they can look after the neighbours' children.

All husbands and wives should agree to go away to a place neither has been to before.

That is only a start. What about making other holiday resolutions for yourselves? It all needs a bit of courage—we like living in grooves no matter how much we pretend we don't. But I believe the effort would be worth it.—MRS. L. SWAINE, Corporation Street, St. Helens, Lancashire.

Emigration: A Hard Prospect

ROLAND WILD'S series in JOHN BULL, "I was an Emigrant," has given us a most enlightening picture of conditions in the New World.

From what he writes, one gathers there is marked prejudice among Dominions folk against any mass influx of settlers. That, plus the hard going economically which newcomers must expect in a foreign land, should surely dissuade most of the quarter of a million potential emigrants in Britain (Wild's estimate) from taking the plunge.

I hope so, for talk of emigration when Britain is so short of workers that she has to import "displaced persons" from Europe is madness. Surely the very idea is disloyal.—HERBERT GREAVES, Swan Court, Chelsea, S.W.3.

The Man Who Wants to Leave . . .

AFTER READING ROLAND WILD'S "I was an Emigrant" articles I now *hope* to become an emigrant. I stress "hope," because the shipping position seems hopeless.

The Dominion of my choice is Australia, which is said to require 70,000 migrants a year. Owing to the shipping shortage, however, I am told fewer than 10,000 will be this year's quota from Britain.

If it is agreed that, in the long run, emigration is a good thing for the Empire, surely the shipping problem should be tackled as it was during the war. Let emigrants have the same priority as the troops had.

During the war, I went out to the Middle East in the hold of a slum ship they called a trooper—to fight. I am prepared to go to Australia under similar conditions—to start a fresh life.—J. D. PERCIVAL, Fencoats, Pulborough, Sussex.

. . . the Woman Who's Glad She Came

LAST NOVEMBER I returned from Southern Rhodesia with a Rhodesian girl I had married out there.

We had lived at the rate of about £1,200 a year by English standards and I wondered what my wife would think of the hard work and make-do that I would have to offer her in this country.

I need not have worried. She says she would not go back for worlds and is staggered by the number of people who want to emigrate from Britain.

I quote her: "Coming to England after living in the Colonies is like leaving school and suddenly finding oneself working for a living."—F. A. BARTON, 2 Derwent Gardens, South Kenton, Middx.

Born Selfish

CHILDREN, FROM BIRTH, are wholly selfish and, in my opinion, kindness is overdone. They "cry for the moon," and continue crying until they get it.

But courtesy, good manners, generosity and tolerance are all born of unselfishness—and unselfishness begins with putting others before self.

The freedom now allowed in schools, backed up by parents' indulgence and "never say no" attitude, does nothing to teach the negation of self. Herein, surely, lies the root of the present trouble with children.

Far from being a tyro or a martinet, I am a lover of children and have spent my whole life teaching and training them.—FRED. J. CLIFFORD, 68 Lordswood Road, Harborne, Birmingham.

Equal Pay

YOUR WOMEN WRITERS, like Hilde Marchant, can argue till they are black in the face but women workers will never be paid entirely on the value of their work. If they are employed by a man their sexual charm (or lack of it) will count in the long run.

If they are employed by a woman, sexual jealousy will come into the picture.—MR. AND MRS. A. WICKLOW, Cornwall Gardens, London, S.W.7.

Seeing it Through

THE OTHER DAY I WATCHED a young woman posting a letter. She started to put it into the box, then drew it out, looked at the address, made sure the stamp was all right, ran her finger over the flap once or twice, nodded wisely to herself and then, with a swift underarm motion, skimmed the letter through the

". . . women's routine"

slot and peeped through to see it was safely inside.

Since then I have watched other women and find they keep roughly to the same routine. — J. ARMSTRONG-PAYNE, Tayside, West Ferry, Dundee, Angus.

Hunt the Poker

WHEN OUR SON was three years old we missed a shovel from the fireplace, then a poker and finally a shoe horn from the bedroom. We have hunted everywhere but the missing articles have never turned up. What is the secret of such childish vanishing tricks?—MRS. A. PORTER, 10 St. Paul's Road, Salisbury, Wilts.

Buy from Us, Sell to Us

NOW THAT THE MINES are nationalized we have the strange position of private coal merchants buying coal from the nation and reselling it to the nation at a handsome profit.

All domestic fuel should be bought from the local fuel overseer, who should take over existing administrative and delivery staffs.

This would not only lead to cheaper coal but would save manpower, as deliveries could be put on a basis of one area, one lorry.

As it is, four different merchants deliver to four different families in one block of flats near me.—BRIAN FALCON, Grasmere Road, Bromley, Kent.

Franco, the Buffer

YOU SAY "Franco's name stinks everywhere" (JOHN BULL Editorial, April 26). You are quite wrong. Franco's name stinks only in the nostrils of the unintelligent.

To the people who will have the job of leading us in a few years' time Franco—and all he stands for—is most important.

Where else but Spain would you look to for a halfway house between Communism and free enterprise?—J. R. FLETCHER, 16 Hall Road, London, N.W.8.

Locked Out

DURING A SPELL of bad weather recently I found a small boy of four crying bitterly outside his locked house. His mother was out at work, and as his infant school was closed for the day he had nowhere to go.

Could the school yards not be kept open for small children, with someone in charge, during holidays? There must be plenty of women willing to do this temporary work.

My own six-year-old son has nowhere to play but the busy street, the nearest park being a mile away, across a main road.—MRS. M. J. BROWN, 109 Hopefield Road, Leicester.

Family in an Attic

MY WIFE AND I, with ten children, live in an attic. We have no gas, no water and no sanitary conveniences.

I am told that, under the Public Health Laws, we can only be given a five-roomed house because of the size of the family.

Smaller houses have gone to other people while we wait and go on living in misery.—JAMES MCCONNELL, Muirhead-Chryston, Lanarkshire.

Germans Just Don't Care

HAVING BEEN STATIONED in Hamburg, the largest city in the British Zone, for six months, I am certain that the Germans are not restless and ready to riot as some accounts make out.

On the contrary, the people are too apathetic for words, and any signs that they were developing the interests and passions of normal mankind would surely be welcome.—SGT. ROY HILL, Coldstream Guards, H.Q. Hamburg District, B.A.O.R.

Strip Tease

YOU HAVE GOT SOMETHING with Tim. His new strip feature, "Oh, Johnny!" is grand. How do the ideas come?

I can draw, but I never know what to draw until someone has told me a joke. How a man can think up something funny in cold blood beats me.—LEN HUNT, 20 Romany Rise, Orpington, Kent.

*** Tim has to confess that he himself does not know—exactly. He goes round, he says, thinking in terms of pictures—and the ideas just come.—EDITOR.

JOHN BULL QUIZ

HEADLINE STORIES

(1) When Douglas Corrigan went "the wrong way," where did he land? (2) Why did Winston Churchill go to Sidney Street? (3) What act of Dr. Dafoe's was flashed round the world? (4) What was the mystery of the *Marie Celeste*? (5) How is it that a statue in the House of Commons is short of a spike on its spur?

WATER

(1) Why is it impossible to make good tea at the top of a high mountain? (2) Who discovered oxygen? (3) Why do people in the Persian Gulf dive into the sea for fresh water? (4) The Sundarbans is the world's biggest—waterfall, watershed, delta, lake? (5) What are the Mersey Bar, the Severn Bore?

MISQUOTATIONS

What is the correct version of the following "quotations"? (1) "Money is the root of all evil." (2) "First catch your hare. . . ." (3) "Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink." (4) "To fresh fields and pastures new." (5) "All the world loves a lover."

POPULATION

(1) Do you know the approximate population of Great Britain today, in 1900, in 1800? (2) When was the last British census taken and when is the next one due? (3) Which of these countries (a) has the biggest population, (b) is the most densely populated: Belgium, U.S.A., Great Britain, Barbados, India, U.S.S.R., China? (4) The population of the world is about 1,000 millions, 2,000 millions, 3,000 millions? (5) Can you place in order of population: County of London, Greater London, New York, Greater New York?

MUSICAL COMEDY

(1) Which of Bernard Shaw's plays was produced as an operetta, and under what name? (2) Which shows contained these songs: "Tea for Two," "Pedro the Fisherman"? (3) Which Broadway success has recently been imported *en bloc* to Drury Lane? (4) Who composed *Pacific 1860*, *New Moon*, *Perchance to Dream*, *Rose Marie*? (5) Which composer's life story is portrayed in *Song of Norway*?

(*Answers on page 22*)

Theirs was a "Bullets" Holiday

ENJOYING themselves at Prestatyn holiday centre, here are Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Taylor, of Rugeley, Staffs. They spent a carefree week at the famous North Wales resort last September, thanks to a *Bullets* Holiday Prize.

You can win your way to Prestatyn, Blackpool or some other British seaside resort this summer, merely by entering a few simple words on the coupon from this page. And, if yours is the best *Bullet* of this Contest, your reward will be £300 Cash and a glorious 1,400-mile Free Holiday in Switzerland for Two.

The *Examples* are waiting; start now and join the scores of Readers who have already won a 1947 Holiday Prize.

RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces, half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated June 7, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

"BULLETS" 1,574 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, £300 plus Swiss Holiday: A. B. Grundy, 100 Cleveleys Avenue, Cleveleys, Blackpool:
Entitled To Britain's—Thanks, King's "Working Party."

SECOND PRIZE, £50 plus Seaside Holiday: S. Seagrave, 58 Chatsworth Road, Chesterfield: **Uncle Sam's Fat — Cigar, Dalton's "Cutting" Too.**

THIRD PRIZE, £25 plus Seaside Holiday: E. Williams, 31 Seymour Grove, Old Trafford, Manchester 16: **Way To Prosperity—Long, Winding—Longer, Whining!**

THREE PRIZES of £10 plus Seaside Holiday: A. E. Lee, 105 Highbury Hill, London, N.5: **Something To Remember—Yesterday's "Soup"—Yesterday's "Beans."** S. Morgan, 100 Kimberley Road, Roath, Cardiff: **For The Nation—No Future? Know Past?** J. J. Saunders, 31 Place Road, Altrincham: **Something To Remember—Village "Team" Versus *Floods*.**

SIX PRIZES of £5: Mrs. Digger, Top Flat, 8 Powderham Terrace, Teignmouth: **Way To Prosperity—Grandpa Explained—Old Good-for-nothing!** W. F. Silk, 16 Lindridge Road, Birmingham 23: **Way To Prosperity—Is "Being Determined" Now.** Mrs. F. B. Taylor, 29 Dorchester Road, Leicester: **Something To Remember—Picnic? Don't Leave "Reminder"!** Mrs. C. Thompson, 299 Alice Street, South Shields: **Now Sonny's A Choirboy — Boots Polished—With Surplice!** T. Tomlinson, 70 Alyth Crescent, Clarkston, Renfrews.: **Man With An Axe — Had Meat — Sheepskin — Cave!** E. Walton, "Glen-Maye," Middlewich Road, Winsford: **Auntie Lost Her Temper, So—Police Now "Reconstructing" *Burglar*!**

Holidays arranged by Cook's. Cheques, 50 £1 prizes and 1,500 other Awards have been posted.

How to Make a *Bullet*

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet*.

£300 FIRST PRIZE and 10-day SWISS HOLIDAY FOR TWO

Second £50
Third £25
3 of £10
5 cash prizes above each plus
SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR TWO
6 HOLIDAY CHEQUES £5
50 SEASON TICKETS
1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

THE WORLD'S HEADACHE IN INDUSTRY
DOCTOR SUNSHINE
PATRIOTISM IN LIFE'S DERBY
SECRET OF HAPPINESS
GOING UP IN SMOKE
ONLY RIGHT
THE SHIP WAS SINKING, BUT
PICKED A WINNER
FIRED WITH ENTHUSIASM
DANGEROUS DRUG
GETTING TOUGH
DOMESTIC BLISS
FAIR WARNING
NOT A BIT OF GOOD
SONNY'S VIOLIN
BEHIND CLOSED DOORS
LIKE AN OLD HEN
SHOCK FOR THE SPIV

Incomplete "Examples"—see Instructions.

HER FIRST.....
CUPID'S.....
MADE NO.....
BROKE.....HEART
CONTENT WITH.....
HURRAH FOR.....AND

ADDRESS ENTRY "BULLETS" 1,578 (or XWORD 530); "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin and Gazette* dated May 31 offering Cash and HOLIDAY PRIZES

391
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
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EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

Closing Postmark, **1,578** MON., MAY 19

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HOLIDAY TOURS with CROSSWORD CASH!

See Devon and Cornwall on an 850-mile luxury Coach Tour for Two. That fine Holiday prize goes with each cheque for £25 or over in this week's £100 Cash Crossword—awards value £25 amongst Runners-up.

Post your Square below by Monday, May 19.

CHEQUES AND HAMPERS WON XWORD 526

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS: 1, Mark. 3, Stamp. 5, Verve. 8, Car. 10, Cafes. 12, Filé. 15, Smack.

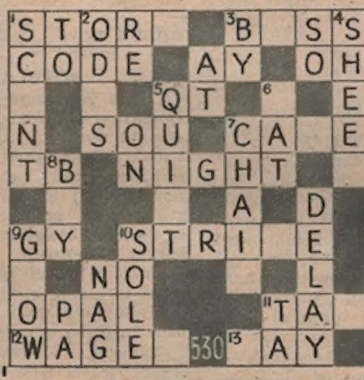
DOWN: 2, Resort. 4, Pages. 6, Pug. 7, Craze. 9, Beach. 11, Band. 13, Park. 14, Sap.

TWO £100 SHARERS: Mrs. C. F. Day, 10 Ryde Place, Lee-on-Solent; E. C. Sankey, 23 Salisbury Avenue, Broadstairs, Kent.

Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 20 entrants. Winners and Runners-up each receive Hamper in addition.

Across Clues Xword 530
1. Big one occasionally blows up with devastating effect
3. Good one deserves a good hand
7. Children get less this than they did a few years ago
10. Big this in industry has thrown thousands of men out of work
11. It isn't so easy to take one off
12. What some people think youngsters shouldn't be allowed to make on racecourse
13. Good one is of incalculable value to farmer

Down Clues
1. It's generally best to be sparing when what you're using is this
2. To shout these, is simply not done
4. Should be folded with care
5. Some little kiddies are inclined to disturb this at night
6. Many a housewife would consider this a real blessing in her larder
7. Ties a man's hands
8. Likely to resent any attempt to control him
9. The moon's face appears to do this



HOW TO ENTER THIS COUPON

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Not more than one prize per Contest to any one entrant. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

For this one Square send 6d. (P.O. or stamps), covering entry-fee and dispatch of *Crossword Gazette* dated May 31 for which enclose addressed *Bulletin and Gazette* Label without affixing stamp. If no *Gazette* required, your 6d. also covers second set of Answers on plain paper. Pencilled entries barred.

I enclose 6d. P.O. Closing Postmark, MON., MAY 19
No..... **530**
Signed.....
Address.....
.....

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems should be sent to "Humanist," at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

Transferred Tenancy

"MY FATHER AND MOTHER both died in 1939, leaving my sister and me in the house. I was called to the Forces in 1940 and soon afterwards my sister married. I was asked to have the tenancy of the house transferred to my brother-in-law's name and I agreed. Now I am married myself and want to know if I can claim the house from my sister and her husband."

▸▸ As you apparently relinquished the tenancy in favour of your brother-in-law I am afraid you have no claim to it.

Sentence for Bigamy

"CAN YOU TELL ME what is the recognized sentence if a man is found guilty of bigamy? Must he serve a term of imprisonment? Or can he pay a fine instead? If imprisonment is the only penalty how long will the sentence be?"

▸▸ There is no alternative to imprisonment for a conviction for bigamy. This may vary from one day (in which case the accused is discharged immediately) to seven years' penal servitude.

Sickness Benefit

"MY HUSBAND claimed sick benefit for fourteen days but he has only received benefit for six days as they say he was late in claiming. Can you say why this has been done?"

▸▸ In order that National Health Insurance Benefit can be paid from the fourth day of illness a medical certificate must be sent to the approved society during the first three days of illness. Otherwise benefit is only allowable from the day following that on which notice of incapacity is given to the society.

Parcels from Germany

"IS IT POSSIBLE for my fiancée in Germany to send home any parcels of her things to save her from having so much to carry when she travels? I am prepared to pay any Customs duties on them when they arrive?"

▸▸ There is no parcel service in existence whereby your fiancée can send goods from Germany to the United Kingdom.

Compensation for Death

"WHILST RETURNING home last November my brother was knocked down and killed by a car which had been stolen from a doctor. The driver, who was arrested, and charged with manslaughter, was an unemployed man and had no driving licence. Will you advise me about my sister-in-law's chances of obtaining compensation for her husband's death?"

▸▸ She will be unable to obtain compensation from the owner of the car since it was stolen from him at the time of the accident. The insurance would not cover the driver who had no licence. Your sister-in-law may claim damages from the man responsible but unless he has some means it would not be worth while.

Release from Army

"AS MY FATHER'S HEALTH is failing, he wants me to take his place as manager of his hotel. Is it possible for me to apply for a Class B release from the Army?"

▸▸ You cannot obtain a Class B release for this purpose; such release is confined to a limited number of key men in agriculture and coalmining.

Unearned Income

"MY WIFE, who has no other source of income, receives about £20 a year bank interest. As this is less than the personal allowance she would receive if she were working, is this money tax-free?"

▸▸ The special tax allowance to wives who are working applies only to earned income. Unearned income received by a married woman has to be taken into account as an addition to her husband's income in calculating his tax liability.

Eldest Son's Position

"MY MOTHER has five sons. We are all married now, but some of my brothers are interfering in my mother's affairs. As I am the eldest, I should like to know my position in the family."

▸▸ Although you are the eldest son you have exactly the same rights as your brothers—no more, no less.

HOW EXPERT WERE YOU?

Answers to Quiz on page 21

HEADLINE STORIES. (1) In Ireland; he confused east with west, flying across the Atlantic instead of across America to California. (2) To take charge of operations against Peter the Painter and his gang, who were besieged there; Mr. Churchill was Home Secretary at the time. (3) The delivery of the Dionne Quins. (4) She was found in mid-Atlantic with no one on board and no sign where the crew had gone. (5) A suffragette chained herself to it and broke it off.

WATER. (1) Because in a rarefied atmosphere water has a lower boiling point. (2) Joseph Priestley. (3) To get to freshwater springs bubbling up from the sea bed. (4) Delta (of the River Ganges, in the Bay of Bengal). (5) The Mersey Bar consists of sediment piled up at the mouth of the river; the Severn Bore is a tidal wave regularly disturbing the river.

MISQUOTATIONS. (1) "The love of money is the root of all evil." (2) "Take your hare when it is cased. . . ." (3) "Water, water, everywhere nor any drop to drink." (4) "To fresh woods and pastures new." (5) "All mankind love a lover."

POPULATION. (1) 47,000,000; 41,000,000; 16,000,000. (2) 1931; the next would normally be due in 1951 (the 1941 census was omitted owing to the war). (3) China has the biggest population, 457,000,000; Barbados is the most densely populated, 1,100 to the square mile. (4) 2,000 millions. (5) Greater New York (11,500,000); Greater London (8,000,000); New York (7,500,000); County of London (4,000,000).

MUSICAL COMEDY. (1) *Arms and the Man*; *The Chocolate Soldier*. (2) *No, No, Nanette*; *Lisbon Story*. (3) *Oklahoma*. (4) Noel Coward; Sigmund Romberg; Ivor Novello; Rudolf Friml. (5) Edvard Grieg.

K B RADIO in the 'Queen Elizabeth'

The radio broadcast receiving equipment installed in the world's greatest liner, "Queen Elizabeth," as in her sister ship "Queen Mary," was designed and built by K.B. exclusively, to the specifications of International Marine Radio Co. Ltd., who were responsible for its installation. This is unparalleled testimony to the efficiency and reliability of K.B. Radio—yet another sound reason why K.B. Radio should be your first choice.

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"Unfair" WRITES BEETLE

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,—Life has always been rather precarious for us black beetles, but with the development of modern chemical warfare our troubles are well nigh insupportable. Millions of us succumb every year to a diabolical substance called RIS with which humans defend their food supplies. It's everywhere—in the cracks and crevices of shelves and floors; anywhere, in fact, that we might find and enjoy the unconsidered crumb. Cannot something be done to counteract this unfair unilateral action?

Anxiously yours,
B. Beetle.

★ RIS powder with "Gammexane" or D.D.T. can be used with complete success against all domestic insect pests. Sold by Chemists and Hardwaremen in cartons. 1/9 and 3/- each.

INSECTICIDES

Manufacturers: Ratsouris Ltd., 50 Central St. London, E.C.1 CVS—32

How nice it is when friends praise your handiwork about the house! You feel a thrill of pride. And you win praise every time when you polish your range with Zebo. It gives a brilliant sparkle, just like black diamonds.

Use Zebo for grates and surrounds, too. Zebo is much quicker and easier to use, because it's a *liquid*. A rub over, a quick polish, and you have the most brilliant shine ever!

ZEBO

Liquid Grate Polish

Reckitt & Sons, Hull and London

They said Fynnon Salt would relieve my

LUMBAGO

It is a natural instinct to pass on a bit of good news. This is the way in which great popularity has come to Fynnon Salt. For it has relieved very many sufferers from Rheumatism in various forms—such as Lumbago, Neuritis, Sciatica and Gout. If you, too, are suffering, take Fynnon Salt. It will do you good.

FYNNON SALT FOR LUMBAGO

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THE "PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

Safe and certain for headache and neuralgia.

Sold everywhere, tablets or powders, 1/3 and 3/- inc. Pur. Tax.

Cephos does not affect the heart.

INDIGESTION

. . cause and remedy

The food you eat may be divided into three classes, carbohydrates, proteins and roughage. Carbohydrates, such as bread and potatoes, form the bulk of our food and should be very thoroughly masticated, because the juices necessary for their digestion are contained in the saliva with which these foods should be well mixed before being swallowed. The reason you should not drink with meals is that any fluid taken with meals reduces the strength of the digestive power of the saliva. The digestive juices for carbohydrates must be alkaline, that is why Moorland Indigestion Tablets, which are alkaline, slowly dissolved in the mouth, help to digest bread, pastry and potatoes before they reach the stomach.

Moorland Indigestion Tablets, are famous the world over for relieving indigestion, heartburn, acidity and all stomach troubles. Take two Moorland Tablets after meals and eat what you like and enjoy it. Sold by all chemists, 1/3d., also in 3½d. packets (including tax).

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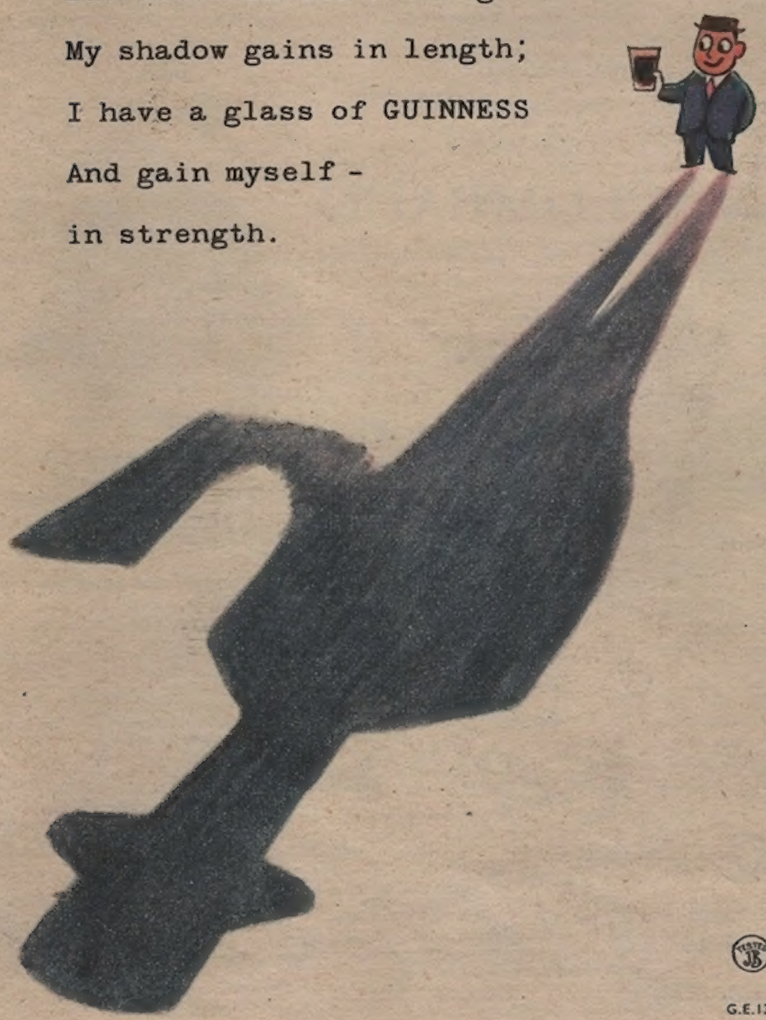
WITHOUT A SHADOW OF DOUBT

I have a little shadow
And it follows me about;
At mid-day he's a tiny chap
And almost comes to nowt

But later in the evening
My shadow gains in length;
I have a glass of GUINNESS
And gain myself -
in strength.



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The Pick of the Crop

Batchelor's REGD. Peas

Popular favourites for nearly 30 years, Batchelor's Peas are coming back to the shops in greater quantities, although the supply is unfortunately less than the demand.

Be sure to ask, too, for Batchelor's Fruits, Vegetables and Soups. You'll relish their delicious flavour and nourishment — a happy choice for luncheon or dinner.

"IT'S THE flavour THAT'S IN FAVOUR"